

PAINTING PERSONIFIED;

OR, THE

CARICATURE AND SENTIMENTAL

Tho! P I C T U R E S, *Goate,*
OF THE *Promer*
PRINCIPAL ARTISTS OF THE PRESENT TIMES,
FANCIFULLY EXPLAINED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By ALEXANDER BICKNELL, Esq.

"It said, or seem'd to say."

POPE'S ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Ut Pictura sic est Poësis.

HORAT.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, No. 47, PATER-NOSTER-
Row.

M D C C X C,

RB23 a 11495



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME II.

No. XIII.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

By BUNBURY.

Dissertation on Clubs.—Characters of Mr. *Pouncet*;—Mr. *Highfield*;—Captain *Epaulette*;—Mr. *Clackett*;—Doctor *Jallap*;—and the Reverend Doctor *Rubric*. Page 1

No. XIV.

THE FARMER'S VISIT TO HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER IN LONDON.

By MORLAND.

Farmer *Trefoil's* Family described.—Critical Situation of his Daughter *Priscilla*.—She comes to *London*.—Is placed under the Protection of her Aunt *Tabbiret*.—Is seen by Mr. *Lovell*, who falls in Love with her.—They are married.—The Farmer's Visit. 29

VOL. II.

A 2

No. XV.

(xvi)

No. XV.

THE VISIT RETURNED IN THE
COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

Priscilla and *Lovell* arrive at the Cottage of her
Father ; — their Reception ; — Amusements
while there ; — and Return to Town. 47

No. XVI.

THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

By BUNBURY.

Characters of three Country Politicians. — Their
Observations on the Affairs of *France*. — His-
tory of *Spicket*, the Landlord of the Alehouse,
and his Wife. — Other Characters. 56

No. XVII.

MORNING ; OR, THE MAN OF
TASTE.

BY THE SAME.

Anecdotes of Sir *Jasper* and Lady *Cormorant*. —
Thei Taste for the Pleasure of the Table. —
Extraordinary

Extraordinary List of Eatables exhibited at the
Bush Tavern, in Bristol.—Their Effect on
Sir Jasper. — — 92

No. XVIII.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY THE SAME.

Well chosen Tales of Love not hurtful to the
Morals of young Persons of either Sex.—
Affecting Story of *Henry and Anna.* 110

No. XIX.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

By WEST.

The Nature and Power of Witches described.—
The *Witch of Endor.*—Sketch of the Life
of *Saul, King of Israel.*—The Spirit of
Samuel raised.—The Death of *Saul.* 133

No. XX.

FOX - HUNTING.

By ROWLANDSON.

IN FIVE PLATES.

Hunting an elevated Amusement from the earliest
Times.—Advantages and Disadvantages arising
from it. — — 153
Going

(xviii)

Going out in the Morning.

Description of a hunting Morning.—The Sweets
of Morn, a Sonnet. — 161

The Refreshment.

Manœuvres of the Fox.—Rural *Dejeuné*.—The
Landlord's pretty Daughter.—The Search re-
newed. — — 165

The Chace.

The Fox arraigned, and condemned by *Astræa*.—
Enlivening Pleasures of the Chace. 171

The Death of the Fox.

Reynard overtaken and killed.—Appropriation
of the Brush, &c. — — 177

The Dinner.

Keen Appetite of the Hunters.—The favourite
Topic discussed.—Elevation of the Brush.—
Departure of the Guests. — 180

No. XXI.

M I S E R Y.

By BUNBURY.

Distressed Family.—Necessity insensible to the
Excitations of Honour.—The Daughters de-
voted to infamy. — — 188

No. XXII.

(xix)

No. XXII.

A LONG STORY.

BY THE SAME.

Story of a Gun.—Character of Colonel *Cassius*.—
His Loquacity described.—Drowsiness of his
Companions.—The refreshing Influence of
Sleep. — — 195

No. XXIII.

THE LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL.

By SMIRKE.

A Snow Storm.—Prosperous Commencement
of the *Halsewell's* Voyage.—The Scene re-
versed.—Her Loss.—Consolatory Admoni-
tion. — — 209

No. XXIV.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

By STOTHARD.

Picture of a dejected Maiden.—Story of *Poll of*
Plymouth and her *William*.—The fatal Con-
sequences attendant on the inhuman Practice
of pressing Seamen. — 224

XXV.

(XX)

No. XXV.

An ANGEL conveying the SPIRIT of a CHILD to PARADISE; and its Companion,—The SPIRIT of the CHILD entering into the PRESENCE of the ALMIGHTY.

By the Rev. Mr. PETERS.

Powers of true Genius.—An Angel described.—
The Abodes of the Blessed described.—The
immediate Presence of the Almighty.—Moral
Conclusion from Dr. *Johnson*. 234

E R R A T A.

VOL. I. P. 87. For, *Season finds them happy*, read, EVERY
Season.

P. 100. For, *with THE more Composure*, read, *with
more Composure*.

VOL. II. P. 24. For, *an affected Ferour*, read, *unaffected*.

NUMBER

N U M B E R X I I I .

T H E C O U N T R Y C L U B .

By B U N B U R Y .

Hail, BRITAIN, Land of Liberty !
Hail, BRITAIN, Land of Amity !
Thy Sons, as o'er the circling Glafs
In focial Glee their Hours they pafs
Amidst the Club, (which firmly binds
In Friendship's Bands discordant Minds)
May, undisturb'd by tyrant Pow'r,
Freely enjoy the focial Hour ;
Of Politics or News may chat,
Of Duels, or of this or that ;
Nor fear, as in less happy Climes,
From pension'd Spies, imputed Crimes.

A. B.

VOL. II.

B

AMONG

AMONG the many Sources from whence that Happiness, so eminently the Lot of Britons, flows, may be reckoned those social Hours of Festivity, enjoyed by them at stated Periods; which not only prove an agreeable Relaxation from the fatiguing Avocations of the Day, but promote a Spirit of Harmony and mutual Beneficence between the Individuals of the Neighbourhood.

There is scarcely a Town or Village in the Kingdom, where one or more social Meetings are not weekly or monthly held, under the Name of *Clubs*.

Of

Of these there are several Gradations, from that of the 'Squire, Parson, Lawyer, and principal Inhabitants, held at the King's Arms, to that of the Benefit Society of the Mechanics, who meet at the Horse-Shoe. And though the Tables of the lower Classes might not vie in Sumptuousness with those of the higher; the Topics which furnish out the Conversation of these Village Clubs, seldom vary in an equal Degree: In all, the News of the Place constitutes the first and principal Subject; viz. the Marriages, Births, and Burials; the Removal of Paupers; the Oaths of pregnant Women; the Provision to be made for illegitimate Children; and other incidental Circumstances;—which

probably are interlarded, now and then, with a Stroke of Humour, a Pun, or a droll Story, from the Wit of the Place. The Prices of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hay, Straw, and Corn, are next discussed:—To which succeeds Hunting, Courting, Shooting, Cocking, and Racing. Till at length, the Spirits of the Company being exhilarated, Politics finds its Way into the Discourse;—a Topic, on which every one present claims a Right to speak, with the Freedom of a true-born Englishman. No very great Breaches are, however, usually made in the Amity of the Associates, unless, as is sometimes the Case, the Liquor proves so potent as to drive away Reason and Prudence; or
some

some one, naturally petulant and quarrelsome, maintains his Argument with too much Vehemence and Vociferation.

In the Picture referred to, the ingenious Artist has given us, in a Stile abounding with Humour and just Representation, a View of one of these Country Clubs. Whether the Characters exhibited in it are drawn from the Life (as one would imagine them to be, so exact are they to Nature,) or whether they are the Formation of his own brilliant Imagination, I shall not enquire; the following Account of them being merely the Offspring of Fancy, Personality cannot be implied; if it should, I shall only say *Qui capit ille fecit.*

The Instant of Representation is the Hour of Supper.—An Infringement on the appointed Time causes a Reprehension from *Mr. Pouncet*, the Attorney, who, presenting his Watch to the Landlord and Landlady, as they make their *Entrée*, bearing the principal Dishes, points out, with no little apparent Warmth, the Minutes they have exceeded the usual Hour.

No Man is more *the Slave of Time*, (if I may so express myself,) than *Mr. Pouncet*.—All his Movements are regulated by the Minute-Hand of his Watch.—He rises, breakfasts, dines, sups, and goes to Bed, at the same Moment, every Day in the Year; and
nothing

nothing can offend him more, than an Interruption in any of those Points.

The Entrance of the Club-Supper having by some Incident or other been delayed for five Minutes beyond the customary Time, his Ire breaks forth upon the Occasion, to the great Discomfiture of the Master and Mistress of the House ; who are not a little apprehensive, knowing the Inexorable-ness of his Disposition, that he might be the Means of removing the Club to a rival Inn ;—an Event that would not only be attended with pecuniary Disadvantages but with Disgrace.

Punctuality in all the Affairs of Life, is allowed by the Prudent and the Wise,

to be among the commendable Attentions.—Numberless are the Benefits that result from it.—But such a *minute* Exactness ; such a slavish Observation of Times and Seasons ; as it must, now and then, from a Variety of Incidents, be unavoidably broke in upon, carries its own Punishment with it, and becomes the Source of innumerable Vexations. It is so with *Mr. Pouncet*.—A Habit of Fretfulness, which is visible in his Countenance, continually lacerates his Mind.

Was this Exactness exerted only in the common Affairs of Life ; was his *own* Unhappiness to be the only Result ; it would be of little Importance to Mankind ; but the least Failure of Punctuality

tuality in his Concerns with *others*, is too often productive of Distress and Ruin to *them*.—The lapse of a few Days beyond the appointed Time of paying their Rent, in his own Tenants, or in those whom several Stewardships place him over, (for he is in an extensive Line of Business) is not to be borne.—A Seizure or an Arrest instantly ensues.—No Excuses will avail.—No Tears will move.—The Money must be raised, or Ruin follows. And yet this Man, as he has been able to accumulate an opulent Fortune by pursuing all the dishonest and oppressive Manœuvres of a Profession which tempts to Dishonesty and Oppression, is considered as a *mighty good Sort of a Man* by those who fortu-

nately have not been subject to his Rapacity; and he is treated with Civility, if not with Cordiality, by the Members of the Club.—But turn we from this *Limb of the Law*, to less censurable Characters.

On the fore Ground stands a *Trio*, whose Hearts are visible in their Faces;—whose chearful Countenances assure us, that no Passions, inimical to Mankind, lurk within;—that no precise Rules tyrannize over the Mind.—It consists of *Mr. Highfield*, the 'Squire of the Parish; Captain *Epaulette*, who not long ago commanded a Company in the Militia of the County; and *Mr. Clackett*, the Schoolmaster of the Parish, who at the
same

same Time acts as Secretary to the Society.

The first of the Groupe is one of those valuable Characters that are to be found in many Villages throughout the Kingdom; a plain, honest, intelligent, Country 'Squire.—Seldom visiting the Capital, he is not tainted with the Vices or Follies of it.—He detests Gaming;—despises Dress;—and reprobates the Want of Sincerity in the higher Ranks. His Table is usually spread, as becomes the Seat of Hospitality; and a ready Chair is found at it by all his Neighbours. Next to the Sports of the Field, his greatest Pleasure consists in the Improvement of his Estate; and his highest Ambition, (being already

one of the Quorum) is that of presiding as Foreman of the Grand Jury.

The Captain is one of those free, easy, open-hearted, good natured Fellows, represented by the Spectator in the Character of *Will. Honeycomb*. While he served in the Militia, he was *the Life and Soul* of the Regiment. He not only acquitted himself as a good Officer, (and, as the Corps he belonged to was ordered, during the late War, to a distant Part of the Kingdom, he was not without Opportunities of displaying his Abilities in that Line,) he was besides a *Bon Vivant* in the truest Sense of the Word. Without being a professed Bacchanalian or Debauchee, he entered into all that Freedom of Conduct so peculiarly

peculiarly *the Foible* of the military Gentlemen ; and at the same Time, by his Vivacity, diffused a Chearfulness throughout the Corps.

He now resides on his paternal Estate in an adjacent Parish, which, though not exceeding Five hundred Pounds a Year, is considered as one of the most compact, and best managed, in the County. Laying aside the Levities of his younger Days, he devotes a great Part of his Time to the Study and Practice of Husbandry. He reads *Mills*, *Younge*, and all who have written upon that Science ; and making Trial of every Mode of Improvement they recommend, if adapted to the Nature of his

his Land, judiciously improves upon them.

In the Print referred to, he is placed by the Artist in the Act of giving the 'Squire an Account of the Produce of a Field he has caused to be sown with Carrots; an Article of Culture, found to be an exceedingly nutritive Food for Cattle and Horses. By grasping his Arm, he means to shew the Size which some of them had nearly attained.

The 'Squire, who is an Adept in the same Science, listens with Pleasure to the Captain's Description; and, in his Turn, relates some similar Instances of the Success of his own Attention.

With

With what an obsequious Smirk does the School-Master look up to his Superiors, during their Discourse!—With what genuine Satisfaction does he seem to attend to them!—Conscious of the Honour to which he is admitted, he strives to render himself more worthy of it, by increasing his Consequence with his Height; and, as the only Method by which he can testify his Sense of that Honour, bestows on every Word they utter an applauding Smile. In the mean Time he treasures up every Syllable, in order to retail them among a Circle of *his* Inferiors, as they take their Morning Draught, the next Day, in the Kitchen of the Inn.

Then

Then it is, that *Mr. Clackett* displays his real Character.—Then it is, that assuming all the *Airs* of a pedantic dogmatical Pedagogue, he consoles himself for his Want of Consequence the preceding Evening :—“ How dares you, “ Neighbour Anvil,” will he cry to the Village-Blacksmith, “ to contradict “ me? Did I not hear my good Friend “ Captain *Epaulette* mention it last “ Night at Club?” Or, “ The ‘Squire, “ with whom you know I am Hand “ and Glove, imparted the Secret to “ me.” In this Manner does he endeavour to counterfeit the native Consequence of those who have honoured him with being their *Amanuensis*.

That

That no trait of a Character so truly original may go unnoticed, it will be needful to add, before we dismiss *Mr. Clackett*, that a Specimen of his Erudition may be seen in the Articles drawn up for the Regulation of the Society to which he acts as Secretary; as they are not only his own writing, but his own inditing. Among other Rules are the two following;

Any Gentleman as gives another Gentleman the Lie, to forfeit 6d.

Any Gentleman as behaves ungentlely, to be fined 3d. and turned out.

From the Nature of the Offences guarded against by the above Rules,
and

and the trifling Forfeiture annexed to a Breach of them, one may be led to conclude that the Members of the Club were not of the Rank they are here described to be ; but the Fact is, the Board containing the Rules was suffered to be hung up, and to remain against the Wall, as a Proof of their Secretary's Simplicity. For having rendered himself useful to the Society by settling the Reckonings ; collecting the Forfeits ; and keeping the Accounts ; and still more so, by serving as a Butt, against which they might point their satirical Shafts, without his being (either through Cunning or Ignorance,) hurt at them ; they, in Return, indulge his Foibles, and suffer his elegantly-penned
and

and judicious Regulations (for such he thinks them) to grace the Wall of their Club-Room; though their own Erudition, and Knowledge of Life, are liable to be questioned by the Permission.

In Habiliments expressive of the Formality of his Demeanour, we see, on the dexter Side of the Print, the Doctor of the Village, hanging up his Hat;—a Hat, that from the Antiquity and Queerness of the Cock, declares much plainer than the most emphatical Words could do, its Owner to be possessed of a Mind too elevated to attend to the varying Mandates of *Fashion*;—and that he regards it as a Science beneath the Attention of *a Man of Science*. And indeed
no

no Man better deserves that Title than Doctor *Jallap*. He is sensible; he is learned; and he is well skilled in his Profession; Endowments, for which he is indebted to the University of *Oxford*; where, having regularly gone through the preparatory Gradations, he was permitted to annex to his Name the honorary Letters, *M. D.*—And an Honour indeed does the Doctor esteem it.—Truth, however, obliges me to add, that to the high Estimation he holds this Honour in, the only Speck on his Character is to be imputed; for he is frequently excited by it to behave in too contemptuous a Manner to such of his Brethren of the Faculty as have obtained their Diploma in a less regular
and

and honourable Way. A Propensity which neither his good Sense, nor his good Heart, can prevent, at Times, the Indulgence of.

Doctor *Jallap* is, notwithstanding, a good Physician, and a valuable Member of Society.—His Peculiarities are viewed by his Acquaintance with a favourable Eye;—he has acquired the Esteem of the whole Neighbourhood;—and is ever sure of a respectful Reception at the Club.

On the sinister Side of the Picture, in full front, stands the Reverend Doctor *Rubric*, represented in the Performance of a Task, at once pleasing to himself, and satisfactory to the Company,

as

as it bids fair to promote their Hilarity.—

A good Hand at making Punch, the Doctor is usually called upon, wherever he goes, to officiate in that Line; and as Punch is his favourite Liquor, and he is, besides, not a little pleased with the Distinction, he chearfully complies.—

It has been said that his Reverence, now and then, makes his Potations of this grateful Beverage rather too copious.—

But the World is very censorious; and that not always with Justice. Be that as it may, the Doctor lays not these Censures to Heart.—The Placidity of his Countenance shows that he is at Peace with all Mankind; and the Rotundity of his Belly, “with good Capon lined,” that his Living is not a meagre one.

What contributes not a little towards the Support of this *Embonpoint* is, that his religious Tenets are such as are held by every true Son of the Church; nor does he ever suffer a Cavil against the most disputed of them to disturb his Mind.

I must not omit, that Doctor *Rubric's* Preaching and Practice perfectly coincide; which is not always the Case among the Gentlemen of the Cloth. And that they may do so, he is careful in the Choice of the Subjects of his Sermons. Those tending to discourage that Self-Denial which the Monks (a Set of Men he heartily despises) would make essential to Religion, are generally selected by him. The Book of *Ecclesiastes* furnishes him

him with many of this Kind ; on which he expatiates most feelingly and floridly. And notwithstanding on these Occasions an Adherence to the Preacher's Words obliges him to point out the ill Success which attended that wise Monarch in his Pursuit after Happiness ;—yet he always endeavours by some consolatory Conclusion to blunt the Edge of the disheartening Exclamation so frequently and so fervently repeated by the disappointed King, that “ *all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.*”

“ No Mortal,” said he, in one of his Discourses, with an Elevation of Voice and an affected Fervour, that rivetted the Attention of his Hearers ; “ No Mortal ever roved with more
“ unbounded

“ unbounded Libertinism through the
“ flowery Paths of Pleasure, than did
“ this famed King of *Israel*; nor had
“ ever Mortal greater Opportunities of
“ entering into the most secret Re-
“ cesses of the fascinating Goddess, than
“ he had.—His Palaces were magnifi-
“ cent beyond Conception.—All the
“ Luxuries of the East graced his Ta-
“ ble.—And, (happiest of Mankind!)
“ his different Harems contained no
“ less than Three hundred Wives, and
“ Five hundred Concubines, all bloom-
“ ing as the new-born Day.—And yet,
“ amidst this Profusion of earthly Bliss,
“ did the fatiated King, in the Pa-
“ roxisms of his Vexation, exclaim,

“ Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher ;

“ Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity !”

“ A Declaration, if taken in its
“ strictest Sense, enough to deter us
“ from enjoying any of the Bounties
“ which Providence has diffused around
“ us with an unsparing Hand.—But let
“ us hear what the same wise Prince
“ says, in a Moment when the Chagrin
“ attendant on Satiety and Disappoint-
“ ment had somewhat subsided, and his
“ far-famed Wisdom had resumed its
“ Sway ; ‘ Go thy Way,’ says he, ‘ eat
“ thy Bread with Joy, and drink thy
“ Wine with a merry Heart ; let thy
“ Garments be always white ; let thy
“ Head lack no Ointment ; and live
“ joyfully with the Wife whom thou
“ lovest,

“lovest, all the Days of the Life of
“thy Vanity.”—Here *Solomon* is himself
“again!—And as nothing can be added
“to an Admonition so rational, so just,
“and so pleasing, I shall conclude with
“saying, I will write it on the Tablets
“of *my* Heart; do ye the same on
“*yours*.”

Such is the Character of Doctor
Rubric, and such are his Sentiments;
and it needs no great Penetration to
perceive, that they render him a
welcome Visitor at every convivial
Meeting in his Neighbourhood, as
well as an acceptable Member of the
Club at which he is represented by the
Artist.

The foregoing being all the *Personæ* of this truly humorous and characteristic Picture that claim Attention, let us no longer detain them from a Supper, which appears, from the entering Dishes, to be such as an avowed Epicure might sit down to, without having Cause to murmur either at the Quantity or Quality of it.



NUMBER XIV.

THE FARMER'S VISIT TO HIS
MARRIED DAUGHTER
IN LONDON.*By MORLAND.*

Whilst oft we see a beauteous Face
The Source of Ruin and Disgrace,
The lovely Maid, though lowly born,
If VIRTUE's brighter Charms adorn,
May hope a happier Lot in Life;
To shine with higher Ranks, and be an envied Wife.
A. B.

BY an assiduous Attention to the
Cultivation of a small Estate,
rented by him, Farmer *Trefoil* had made

shift to bring up his Children, two Daughters and a Son, with a Degree of Credit consonant to his Line of Life. *Mrs. Trefoil*, as well as himself, had endeavoured, from their earliest Years, to instil into their Minds a Love of Virtue and Prudence; and had bestowed on them such an Education as the Village they lived in would afford. This indeed amounted to little more than *Reading, Writing, Arithmetic*, and to the female Part, *plain Work*; these being the whole of the Sciences taught at the principal Academy of the Place, kept by *Mr. Amen and Company*, alias *Mrs. Amen*; who occasionally assisted her Husband in teaching the lower Forms to spell,

with

with the additional Task of instructing the Girls in plain Work.

The Heroine of the Picture under Consideration, *Priscilla*, the Farmer's eldest Daughter, from her very Childhood, exhibited Proofs of her being born to move in a higher Sphere of Life than that in which she was placed. There was a captivating Grace in her Manner, that, added to an agreeable Person, and a Set of pleasing Features, seemed to command Respect, and set her above her little School-Fellows. Her Mind also was endowed with an Acuteness, Sensibility, and Prudence, far above her Years. So that it was the general Opinion of the Village Gossips, that she, at some Time or other, would

be a great Woman ;—a Prognostication, that was heard with no little Pleasure by her fond Parents.

This, however, proved a dangerous Pre-eminence to *Priscilla* ; for she had scarcely attained her sixteenth Year, before these attractive Qualifications exposed her to the Attacks of the Libertine. The 'Squire of the Parish had watched her ripening Charms through all their progressive Improvements ; and now, (like a Hawk, that after a Succession of aërial Circles has brought its devoted Victim to a proper Situation for darting upon it) thought he had nothing to do but to take Possession of them.

'Squire

'Squire *Pointer* is one of those Country Gentlemen, who appropriate all the Time they can spare from the Sports of the Field, and the Pleasures of the Table, to the Seduction of their Tenants' Wives and Daughters. Not a Female in the Neighbourhood, whose Chastity appeared to be assailable; but what has experienced his Attacks; and in these, his Situation in Life, and ample Fortune, have too often rendered him successful.

He had, as just observed, with the Eye of a Lecher beheld the ripening Beauties of *Priscilla*, and marked her for his Prey. Versed in the Art of Seduction, his first Attempts were carried on with all needful Precaution.

Whenever he could find her alone, he practiced every specious Wile to make an Impression on her youthful Mind; he endeavoured to excite her Vanity by Praises of her Person, and her Ambition by Promises of Ease and Independence. But *Priscilla's* Heart having been fortified against the Allurements of Vice by the prudential Precepts of her Parents, she was able to withstand, even young as she was, every Temptation.

The 'Squire, finding this Mode of Procedure ineffectual, he had the Effrontery to make Proposals to her Father and Mother; flattering himself that his being their Landlord, would add Weight to the Negociation. His Offers, however, of a lessened Rent, with many
6 other

other œconomical Advantages, were treated with the Contempt they deserved. Their Daughter's Honour was more highly esteemed by the honest Couple than any Emolument it was in the 'Squire's Power to offer.—Nor were his Threats of more avail.

Alarmed by these infamous Overtures, Farmer *Trefoil* thought it necessary to remove the Object of them to some Distance from the Scene of Danger; hoping that Time, and the 'Squire's well known Inconstancy, would avert his Pursuit to some fair One more easily to be obtained.

Mrs. Trefoil had a maiden Sister, who lived in the Capacity of a humble Com-

panion, or rather an upper Servant, with an elderly Lady of some Fortune in London. To her, as affording the most probable Asylum to their Daughter, was *Priscilla* sent by her Parents, with a Request that her Aunt would procure for her such a Place as she may be qualified for, in some respectable and regular Family.

But before this Commission could be executed by her Aunt, *Priscilla* had nearly, in avoiding *Sylla*, run upon *Charibdis*. The Lady, at whose House she had taken up her temporary Residence, had a Son, a fine agreeable young Fellow, about eighteen Years of Age; which was now nearly that of the fair Fugitive. His Manners were engaging,

gaging, and his Heart good; but, through the Levity of Youth, he entertained no very favourable Opinion of the Chastity of the fair Sex.

Mrs. Tabbiret, *Priscilla's* Aunt, knowing her young Master's Sentiments on this Head, and being apprehensive that the Sight of her Niece might awaken his wild Desires, had taken great Pains, since her Arrival, to conceal her from him. Her Precautions, however, as they generally are in these Cases, were vain. Young *Lovell* having gained an accidental Sight of his new Inmate, was transported with her Beauty; and concluding that the Niece of a Dependent of his Mother's would prove an easy Conquest, began to make Advances.

But

But how was he surprized to find in a Person of her Rank, a Dignity,—an inexpressible Something,—that seemed to awe him, and to check his newly-formed Hopes. He, however, still fought for Opportunities of being in her Company, and formed various Pretexs of Business with the Aunt, in order to see the Niece. And thus he went on, playing like a Fish round the Bait, till he found himself too firmly hooked to retreat.

Mrs. Tabbiret had spared no Pains, in Conformity to the Wishes of *Priscilla's* Parents, in seeking out a Place for her; and her young Master's Attachment, which she could not but perceive, hastened these Enquiries. But the God
of

of Love so circumvented the good Lady, that all her Applications proved unsuccessful; and she had now come to the Resolution of sending her Niece back into the Country.

In the mean Time, the Endeavours of *Priscilla's* Paramour to gain her Good Will, were not less strenuous than her Aunt's were to provide a Place for her. And with his Acquaintance, his Esteem for her increased. The oftener he saw her, the firmer the Graces of her Person, and the amiable Endowments of her Mind, rivetted his Attachment to her; till at length, his licentious Desires became meliorated into a sincere and virtuous Love.

Priscilla

Priscilla had not been insensible to the Merit of *Lovell*.—While she thought his Designs were such as Prudence would not permit her to encourage, she received all his tender Affiduities with Reserve ; but still, such a secret Sympathy had been generated in her Bosom by them, as now and then inspired a Wish that her Aunt's Enquiries might at least meet with some temporary Delays. But when her Lover made Proposals of a more honourable Nature, that Reserve gradually decreased ; she listened with more Complacence to his tender Tale, and found no Alloy to the Satisfaction she received from it, except the Fear of its meeting the Disapprobation of his Mother.

Nothing

Nothing now remained but to endeavour to remove this Obstruction through the Medium of *Mrs. Tabbiret*, who was supposed to have great Influence with the old Lady.—But while the young Folks were deliberating on the properest Mode of revealing their Situation to the former, and procuring her Intercession, that same blind young Deity who had brought this Entanglement about, unwilling to do Things by Halves, brought likewise about an Event which rendered all Intercession needless.—Death made a forcible Entry into the House, and with one Stroke of his Scythe, which, to human Eyes, had the Appearance of a Stroke of the Apoplexy, cut in twain the Heart-Strings of the old Lady, and
thereby

thereby removed the Mountain that obstructed the Journey of the young Couple to the Land of Matrimony.

To say that *Lovell* grieved much, would be charging him with a Species of Diffimulation to which his Mind was a Stranger. Such duteous Respect as Nature prompted from a Son to a Mother pretty far advanced in Years, he paid to her Memory; but the first Moment Decency permitted, he “blanched his Sables into bridal Weeds,” and led his much-loved *Priscilla*, “no-thing loth,” to the Altar.

The News of this happy Revolution in the Fortune of their Daughter was received by Farmer *Trefoil* and his Wife with

with inexpressible Satisfaction. Their Anxiety for the future Welfare of their Favourite was now happily relieved; and they no longer dreaded a Renewal of their Landlord's Attempts on her Virtue. The joyful Tidings soon spread through the Village, and procured them the Gratulations of their Neighbours; while the Verification of their Prophecies, relative to the future Advancement of *Priscilla*, as it appeared to be a Proof of their Wisdom, became the Source of much Exultation among the good Women.

Some indispensable Engagements having prevented *Mr. Lovell* from taking his Wife into the Country, in order to pay their Respects to her Parents, for

two

two or three succeeding Summers after their Marriage, Farmer *Trefoil* could no longer be restrained from seeing his beloved Daughter; and having received several pressing Invitations from his new Son-in-Law, he, at length, came to Town for that Purpose.

The Effects of Temperance, Air, Exercise, and the Tranquility of a Country Life, are happily expressed by the Artist in the Countenance, and nervous Structure, of the honest Farmer; who, with a Rusticity of Demeanour, mingled with Good-Nature and Affection, appears to be answering some Questions *Mrs. Lovell* puts to him relative to her Mother, whose Letter,
written

written by her other Daughter, she holds in her Hand.

A fine Boy, the first Pledge of their Love is seen playing with a Hare, which lies on the Floor, brought as a Present by the Farmer, not to insure a welcome Reception, but as a Token of his affectionate Attention.

The internal Satisfaction of *Priscilla*, arising from her Marriage, which seems to be as happy as it was fortunate, is visible in her Countenance and Demeanour; and the Looks of *Mr. Lovell*, put into Language, seem thus to say;
“ The fashionable World, I doubt not,
“ censure or laugh at me, for entering
“ into an Alliance with one so much
“ below

“ below me in Rank. I grant it a Step not
“ always a prudent one ; but the Hap-
“ piness that has resulted to me from
“ an Union with so lovely and amiable
“ a Woman, more than compensates
“ for the keenest Sarcasms of an ill-
“ judging World. And I set a greater
“ Value upon the Honesty of Heart,
“ and Simplicity of Manners, so con-
“ spicuous in the Parent of my *Pris-*
“ *cilla*, and on that Account would
“ sooner call him Father, than if he
“ were decorated with a Star and Gar-
“ ter, and wanted those more becom-
“ ing Ornaments.”

NUMBER XV.

THE VISIT RETURNED IN THE
COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME

Thus one, who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Air,
Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each Thing met conceives Delight;
The Smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy; each rural Sight, each rural Sound.

Milton.

THE fortunate Village-Maid, accompanied by that Husband to whom she is united by the double Claims
of

of Gratitude and Tendernefs, and having with her the first Pledge of their mutual Affection, has reached the humble Dwelling of her Parents.—As ſhe approached the Spot which had been the Scene of all her youthful Enjoyments, that Attachment felt even by the half-animated Laplander to the Place of his Nativity, excited in her Mind the moſt pleaſing Senſations. In a Moment after, a Thouſand confuſed Ideas croud into it.—The Recollection of the Dangers her Virtue had been expoſed to, from the Attempts of the 'Squire;—and of her Flight, in order to ſeek for an Aſylum,—was attended with Pain.—But a Thought of the happy Conſequences reſulting from it, ſet her Heart

at

at Ease; and the painful Remembrance gave Way to the Incitements of Gratitude and Exultation.

She has presented her dear Husband, and much-loved Boy, to her Mother; who, in the rustic Dialect of the County, but with unfeigned Fervency and Piety, has bestowed on them her Blessing; a Greeting more acceptable to *Lovell* than a flattering Salutation from the proudest Peer.—The Farmer has shaken his Son-in-Law by the Hand, again and again; as often bidding him welcome to his poor Habitation, with a Heartiness that could not displease.

They have partaken of a comfortable though homely Repast, towards which

the fattest of the Farmer's Barn-Door Fowls, Bacon of his Wife's own curing, Greens cut fresh from his Garden, and Ducks taken from the green-mantled Pool, have contributed ;—all untainted by Carriage, or the Arts of a London Poulterer, and which would have excited Appetite even in a Valetudinarian.

At the Instant the Painter's lively Imagination gives Birth to the Scene, this happy Party are sitting over a Jug of the Farmer's home-brewed Ale, which sparkles like Nectar, and is as potent as Nepenthé.

While *Mrs. Trefoil* is entertaining her Daughter with a Relation of the Incidents that have happened in the Village
5 since

since her Departure from it, her Husband is giving his Son-in-Law an Account of the Gentlemens' Seats in his Neighbourhood; interspersing his Narrative with Anecdotes of the Possessors. That Subject being exhausted, he enters on his own Concerns; the annual Rent of his Estate, its Productions, the Price of Corn, &c. *Lovell* hears him with a pleased Attention.—The Novelty of the Scene delights him;—the Ale exhilarates his Spirits;—and every Thing tends to inspire him with a Kind of Satisfaction he had never experienced before.

The Afternoon is spent in walking over the Farmer's Grounds, and in viewing the most striking Prospects, till Evening calls them home.—A Supper,

in the rural Stile, waits their Return ;
 at which, among more substantial Dishes,
 after the Country Fashion, fresh plucked
 Raspberries, with Cream cool from the
 Dairy, invite the Taste.

Wearied with the recreative Employ-
 ments of the Day, (for even Amuse-
 ment wearies) they retire early to Rest.
 A neat Bed is prepared for them ;
 which, though in a Room, that from
 the gable Form of the Roof, will
 scarcely admit them to stand upright,
 is furnished with every Incentive to
 Sleep. It was not indeed composed of
 Eider Down, (on which many a sleepless
 Head has lain,) but, filled with the
 choicest Feathers of their own-reared
 Geese, was nearly as soft to the Pressure ;

while the Coverlid and Sheets, bleached
in the purest Air, and scented with
Lavender and Rose Leaves, dispense a
Fragrance, more grateful than the Shop
of *Warren* can produce.

After a refreshing Repose, they awake
to the Enjoyment of a Variety of de-
lightful rural Sounds ;

To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his Watch-Tower in the Skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, devoid of Sorrow,
And at their Window bid Good-morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, and the Vine,
And the twisted Eglantine ;
While the Cock with lively Din
Scatters the Rear of Darkness thin,

And to the Stack, or the Barn-Door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn,
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring Morn ;
While the Plowman, near at Hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe.

Milton.

Sounds, infinitely more enchanting to
a Ear attuned to the Melody of Nature,
than the finest warbled Notes of the
most celebrated Italian Castrato can be
to the vitiated Taste of a modern
Amateur.

In these tranquil Enjoyments a Month
imperceptibly stole away, without *Lovell*
or his *Priscilla*, (“ with whom he grew
“ more

“ more enamoured, as more Remembrance swelled with Proofs of recollected Love,”) finding them pall upon the Sense. But it becoming at length needful that they should return to Town,—after having made their Parents perfectly easy with regard to pecuniary Matters, a Retaliation esteemed by *Lovell* very inadequate to the Happiness he experienced from his Union with their Daughter,—they took a reluctant Leave of them, with the Promise of an annual Renewal of their Visit, “ should not,” added *Lovell*, smiling, “ such Obstructions arise to it, as you will not be displeased at.”

NUMBER XVI.

THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

By BUNBURY.

I saw a Smith stand with his Hammer, thus,
 The whilst his Iron did on the Anvil cool,
 With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News,
 Who, with his Shears and Measures in his Hand,
 Standing on Slippers, which his nimble Haste
 Had falsely thrust on contrary Feet,
 Told of many a Thousand warlike French
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.

Shakespear.

THE Idea by which the Sentiment
 expressed in the Knot of Country
 Politicians that constitute a Part of
 this Picture, was undoubtedly excited
 in

in the Imagination of the Poet*, whose descriptive Lines have furnished a Subject for the Pencil of the Artist, by *Shakeſpear's* celebrated Description of the Newſmongers in his King John, above recited. But while *theſe* were employed on the Reports of “many a Thouſand warlike French, that were embatteled and rank'd in Kent,” we will ſuppoſe *theſe* to be engaged on a more recent Subject, the preſent Concuffions in the Kingdom of *France*.

Instead of the Taylor, Smith, and lean unwashed Artificer, of *Shakeſpear*, we ſee depicted a Farmer, a Barber, and a Smith, who appear to be no leſs intereſted in the Relation that has juſt

D 5.

reached.

* Dr. GOLDSMITH.

reached their Hands by Means of the Weekly Courant. The Farmer being the best Reader of the Three, or having been more fortunate than the others in first getting Possession of the Paper, reads aloud an Extract of a Letter from *France*, wherein the Situation of that Country is described.

But before we proceed to the Letter, and the Annotations made upon it by this distinguished *Trio*, it may be necessary to give some Account of the Character, Sentiments, and Disposition, of each of them.

The Barber, who is lineally descended from the *Caxons*, a Family of much greater Consequence the Beginning

ning of the present Century, than they are at present, is a professed Whig;—a zealous Friend to Liberty;—an enthusiastic Admirer of the Man of the People;—and an avowed Enemy to Monarchy; or, in other Words, to whatever tends to Restraint. His religious Principles, (if such Principles may be termed *religious*,) are of the same libertine Nature.—He decries whatever favours of Mystery;—ridicules Christianity; and treats with Derision its divine Promulgator.—Church-Government is considered by him as an Innovation on religious Liberty.—He damns the Bishops;—stigmatizes the opulent Clergy with the Name of Drones;—argues against the Payment of all

clerical Dues, especially Tythes;—and is continually praising those happy Times when the Head of the Family was at once the Lawgiver and the Priest of it.—That unerring Rule of Right, by which the Actions of Mortals, according to the specious Preceptor of *Tom Jones*, are to be squared, is ever on the Tongue of *Caxon*; and by this Rule he measures the Conduct of every Mortal,—but himself.—And having imbibed the Sentiments of Lord *Shaftsbury*, that nothing is worthy of Belief, but what will stand the Test of Ridicule, he has a Sneer ready for every Tenet, whether political or religious, that does not correspond with his own.—Such is
the

the sagacious *Mr. Caxon*, whose Portrait we there see.

On the other Side of the Farmer, stands *Sledge*, the Smith of the Village; between whose Character and that of *Caxon*, it was not in the Power of Nature to form a greater Contrast.—They had been brought up together from their Childhood;—had been educated together at the Village-School;—and, ever since they had settled in Life, had been next-door Neighbours.—But had they been born in Climes as opposite, as those termed by Geographers the *Antipodes*, their Sentiments could not more have differed.—*Sledge* is a sober, industrious, hard-working Man, regular in his Family, and constant.

stant in his Attendance at Church.—
He is a zealous Asserter of the Protestant Religion as by Law established ;—
and having no Reason to wish it fallacious, he does not suffer any Doubts relative to the Christian Doctrine to enter his Mind.—Internal and domestic Peace are the Result. In his political Tenets he is no less orthodox.—He glories in being born a Briton.—He venerates the English System of Government.—And though the slightest Intrusion on the Liberty of the Subject would incur his Censure, and excite his Opposition, he is ready to lay down his Life for the Support of the regal Authority, tempered as it now is.—And that, independent of his personal
Esteem

Esteem for the present Possessor of it; whose many amiable Qualities,—as a mild and humane Prince,—an affectionate and faithful Husband,—the tender and considerate Father of a numerous and lovely Offspring;—prove, however, an additional Incitement to his Loyalty.

As to the Farmer, who reads the Paper, he is one of those *sly and dry* Characters (as the Vulgar express themselves) which are often to be met with among the Feeders of Flocks, and Tillers of the Ground. Without Principle, he accommodates himself, both in political and religious Matters, to the Exigence of the Moment; dealing about his sarcastic Strokes of Wit, either for

or against a Sentiment or an Incident; as they arise in his Mind; not caring a Farthing how Things go, whether High Church or Low Church, Despotism or Licentiousness, prevails, so he can but make the most of the Produce of the Estate he rents, and now and then enjoy at the Alehouse, free from the troublesome Clack of his Dame, a Cup of the Landlord's brown Nappy.

Such are the Groupe of Country Politicians we see so intent on the Newspaper.—Nor wonder, Reader, at finding these mental Endowments united in Persons of their low Rank! In the northern Parts of England, (where the Scene might be supposed to lie,) if not a Depth of Learning, at least a Smattering
ing

ing in many Branches of it, is to be acquired at most of the Village-Schools; which, if it happens to be added to a natural Sagacity and Shrewdness, as it often does, enables the Possessor to reason upon any Subject with greater Perspicuity, and perhaps to draw juster Conclusions from it, than is generally to be found in the unwashed Artificers of the more southern Counties.

The Farmer thus reads to his attending Neighbours; each occasionally intermingling such Observations as the Bias of his private Opinions dictates.

“ August 1, 1789. Extract of a
“ Letter from an English Gentleman in
“ Paris, to his Friend in London.”—

“ I had

“ I had rather he was there than I,”
added the Farmer; “ if I was an En-
“ glish Gentleman, I’d much sooner
“ sleep in Peace under my own Vine,
“ and my own Fig Tree, in old
“ England, than be gadding into foreign
“ Countries at the Risk of my Life.”

“ So would not I,” interrupted *Caxon*;
“ I would go as far again, and almost
“ run any Risk, (broken Bones excepted)
“ to be witness to such noble Struggles
“ after Liberty, dear Liberty !”

“ Proceed, Neighbour *Sheaf*,” cries
Sledge; “ let us hear what the Gentle-
“ man says !”

The Farmer goes on.—“ A violent
“ Eruption of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, pour-
“ ing

“ ing forth its burning Lava, can alone
“ furnish an adequate Idea of the inter-
“ rine Convulsions by which this dis-
“ tracted Kingdom is at the present
“ Moment agitated.”—“ Bravo !” ex-
claimed *Caxon*.—Farmer *Sheaf* went on.
“ The Bustle attendant on convening
“ the three Estates ;—their Dissentions
“ when convened ;—the Triumph of
“ the *Tiers* ;—the Submission of the
“ King ;—the Defection of the Army ;—
“ the Massacre of the obnoxious No-
“ bles ;—the Outrages of an ungovern-
“ able Mob ;—Castles, without Num-
“ ber, pillaged and demolished ;—the
“ Bastile, that formidable Fortress,—
“ that dark Arcanum of mysterious
“ Murders, sacked and erased ;—all
“ these

“ these combined, furnish a Scene of a
 “ national Tornado, that no Age or
 “ Country ever before exhibited.—Poor
 “ degraded Monarch ! How harshly
 “ must the Cry of *Vive la Nation* grate
 “ on those Ears which hitherto have
 “ been only accustomed to the Sound
 “ of *Vive le Roi !*”

“ I pity his Majesty much,” cried
Sledge ; “ as he is said to be a worthy,
 “ humane Man.—What must his Feel-
 “ ings be, his Life, and those of his
 “ dearest Attachments, in the Hands
 “ of a Mob, intoxicated by upstart
 “ Power, and deaf to the loudest Pleas
 “ of Reason and Humanity !”

“ Pity

“ Pity him ! ” exclaimed *Caxon* ; “ what
“ are even the Lives of a thousand Kings,
“ when placed in Competition with
“ the noble Aspirations of a People
“ after Liberty !—A pretty Figure truly
“ must the *Grand Monarque* now cut !—
“ tumbled from his Throne, as it were,
“ by those very Subjects, who, kneeling
“ on the Footsteps of it, like the meanest
“ of Slaves, were wont to look up to
“ him as to a God.—Good lack ! good
“ lack ! how strangely Things turn
“ about ! ”

“ I should not wonder ” said *Sledge*,
“ if the Heads of the Hydra, to which
“ these Aspirations after Liberty, as
“ you call them, Neighbour *Caxon*,
“ have given birth, should increase and
“ multiply

“ multiply, till they have swallowed up
“ the Prosperity as well as Peace of the
“ Nation.—One Tyrant, say I, rather
“ than many.—A very thin Partition,
“ my good Friend, divides your Kind
“ of Liberty from Licentiousness.—
“ But pray go on, Farmer *Sheaf*.”

The Farmer reads.—“ For a Detail
“ of these Events, I refer you to the
“ public Papers, which, allowing for
“ Exaggerations, (and these in the
“ present heated State of the Times
“ are not well to be avoided,) will fur-
“ nish you with a tolerable Idea of the
“ Situation of Things here.—How it
“ will end, Heaven only knows.—The
“ King, who is as much a Prisoner, in
“ fact, as if within the Gates of a
“ Prison,

“ Prison, will be under the Necessity of
“ complying with the Demands of the
“ States, be they ever so exorbitant or
“ humiliating. He must be content to
“ rule his People with a shortened
“ Sceptre, and a Diadem stript of the
“ greatest Part of its regal Adornments;
“ —unless Dissentions should happen to
“ prevail among those who at present
“ tyrannize over him. This, which is
“ not unlikely, may perhaps enable him
“ to resume a Part of the Authority
“ handed down to him by his Prede-
“ cessors. A Restoration of the whole
“ of it; such as the uncontrolled
“ Liberty of issuing *Lettres de Cachet*,
“ imprisoning in the Bastile, &c. &c.
“ a Privilege that has often been abused,
“ (as

“ (as the bloody Scroll lately found in
“ the Ruins of that detested Edifice
“ too fatally proves,) and may be so
“ again, is not to be wished him, even
“ by the most zealous Advocates of
“ arbitrary Power.”

Here Farmer *Sheaf* paused to take
Breath, which gave the Barber an Opportunity thus to break out in his usual
Strain.—“ A shortened Sceptre and
“ unadorned Diadem be the Lot of
“ every Tyrant, say I.—The Majesty
“ of the People is the only Majesty I
“ know of that ought to be bowed
“ to.—This the French have wisely
“ made their Sovereign; and though I
“ hate them, I cannot help envying
“ them for it.—The Time may come
“ when

“ when the Infection may still extend
“ itself.—It reached *France* from *Ame-*
“ *rica* ; and,——but I say no more.—
“ All Men are born free, and all are
“ placed on an Equality. Accidental
“ Circumstances gave Rise to the Gra-
“ dations of Sway ; but happy the
“ Nation where all are equal.”

Here Farmer *Sheaf*, in his quaint
Way, put in a Word.—“ Were it not,”
said he, “ that there are Persons in-
“ vested with Power, to controul and
“ punish those under them, which could
“ not be, if all were equal, a stronger
“ Man than thyself, Neighbour *Caxon*,
“ may at any Time make free with thy
“ Washballs, Puffs, and Combs, and
“ who shall say him nay !—or, stepping
VOL. II. E “ into

“ into my Dairy, take his fill of my
“ Milk, and walk off loaded with my
“ Butter, Eggs, and Poultry.

“ Right, Neighbour *Sheaf*,” cried
Sledge; “ who indeed should say him
“ nay !—In vain would our Friend
“ *Caxon* remonstrate with the Thief,
“ and tell him he was offending against
“ the eternal Rule of Right and Wrong,
“ he talks so much about. What would
“ he get for his Pains, but a Dowse in
“ the Chaps, or a Kick in the Back-
“ side; which he dared not to resent,
“ and which, in my Opinion, he would
“ justly deserve, for upholding such
“ levelling Tenets? But pray let us
“ hear the Letter out, as I must be
“ going.”

Farmer *Sheaf* reads.—“ Let the Con-
“ sequences of this Revolution turn out
“ how they may for *France*, they must
“ be favourable to *England*; as it will
“ be a long Time before this State can
“ recover from the Shock it has suf-
“ tained; of course, were they hostilely
“ disposed, they would not, for many
“ Years, be able to take a decided
“ Part against her.—But I rather think,
“ that with the opening Day of Liberty,
“ which seems to be dawning upon
“ them, they will adopt another System
“ than that which they have hitherto
“ pursued, and pay more Attention to
“ Commerce than to War. So that the
“ natural Enmity (*unnatural* I should
“ say, for surely a Rivalship in Com-

“ merce need not cause Enmity) which,
“ till lately, has subsisted between the
“ two Nations, will probably be sup-
“ planted by more liberal Sentiments,
“ and, at length, be entirely done
“ away.”

“ Which has my most cordial Wish,”
exclaimed *Sledge*; “ as I know not why
“ any Thing more than a generous
“ Rivalship should subsist between Na-
“ tion and Nation. There is Room
“ enough on this Globe for us all to
“ find a needful Subsistence; as Uncle
“ *Toby* said to the Fly!”

“ What! Friendship with French-
“ men!” cried *Caxon*; “ Roast-Beef
“ with Frogs and Soup Maigre! Have
“ they

“ they not given us a thousand Proofs
“ of their rivetted Inveteracy!—*America*
“ for that!—Were they not the Cause
“ of our losing so considerable a Part
“ of the British Dominions?”

“ They were, indeed,” replied *Sledge*;
“ and little did the French Court then
“ think they were adding Fuel to a
“ Flame that would extend to their own
“ Territories.—Justice demanded the
“ Retaliation; and Justice has brought
“ it about.—Though *Astræa* may be
“ tardy, she is always sure.

Here *Sheaf* put in.—“ I have heard
“ my old Father, who had as many
“ wise Sayings as our own *Poor Robin*,
“ or the American *Poor Richard*, say,

“ that ‘ they who meddle with their
“ Neighbour’s Fire, may chance to burn
“ their Fingers.’ And, by my Troth,
“ I think the French have verified the
“ good Man’s Proverb.”

“ They have so,” interrupted *Sledge*;
“ and see whether the Balsam of Li-
“ berty, which they boast to have
“ received from that Country, will cure
“ them.”

“ The Balsam of Liberty, as you call
“ it, Neighbour *Sledge*,” said *Caxon*,
“ is a sovereign Remedy for all Wounds
“ of the Constitution. I could wish it
“ were applied to any other than that
“ of our natural Enemies.—But pray
“ proceed with the Letter, Farmer; I
“ must

“ must hear it out. The Parson sent
 “ for me an Hour ago, in great Haste,
 “ to come and shave him; but let him
 “ wait; I shall pay no Respect to the
 “ Cloth, not I!”

Sheaf continues to read.—“ Happy
 “ Britain! where no such Convulsions
 “ are to be dreaded; no such Struggles
 “ needful.—Thy duly-poised Govern-
 “ ment, while it gives to those in Power
 “ every due Prerogative, secures, at
 “ the same Time, to the People the
 “ surest Protection of their civil and
 “ religious Rights that Heart can wish
 “ for.—Thy Happiness is the Envy of
 “ the Universe.—And fortunate will it
 “ be for this Country, if their Struggles
 “ are productive of a Medium between

“ Despotism and Democracy, equally
 “ happy !”

“ *Tum ti tum, ti tum, ti tum ti ;*”
 drolled out *Caxon*, with a significant
 Shrug of the Shoulders. “ *Happy*
 “ Britain !—I don’t know how she can
 “ be called happy, overburthened as she
 “ is with Taxes ! Were some Folks
 “ in Power that I know, Things would
 “ be soon altered ; they would be set a
 “ little more on a Level. And I hope
 “ yet to live to see the Day, when there
 “ shall neither be a *Tax* nor a *Title* in
 “ this Country !”

“ Fine Doings there would be then,
 “ indeed !” cried *Sledge*, and reddening
 with Resentment.—“ A late Event,
 “ Neighbour

“ Neighbour *Caxon*, has luckily shown,
 “ that Nine out of Ten do not wish
 “ Things to be altered. The Joy that
 “ diffused itself through the three King-
 “ doms on the Recovery of our be-
 “ loved Sovereign, spoke most plainly
 “ the general Sense of the People. No
 “ Arts were used to excite those Ex-
 “ pressions of Loyalty. They were
 “ Free-will Offerings, sincere, and, I
 “ dare say, lasting.—Give me the
 “ Mug.—Here’s the King’s Health,
 “ and Confusion to his Enemies !”—To
 this he added, with a Warmth which
 nothing but the Occasion could excuse,
 “ D—n all such levelling——”

Whether *Sledge*, had he gone on,
 would have annexed some harsh Word

to *levelling*, injurious to the fair Fame of his Neighbour *Caxon*, is not now to be known ; the Sentence being snapped short off by the Arrival of the Barber's 'Prentice, who at that Instant entered abruptly, and informed his Master, that the Parson insisted on his coming directly, or he should never shave him more.

As Self-love, alias a keen and unre-mitted Attention to his own Interest, made one among the *patriotic* Motives by which *Caxon* (in common with most *professed* Patriots) was actuated, no sooner did he find his Interest likely to be affected by a longer Stay, than he pocketed his Hatred to the Church and Churchmen, and posted off with all
“ Speed,

Speed, in order to preserve his reverend Customer; leaving the Explanation of *Sledge's* unfinished Expression to some future Opportunity.

Their Jug of Ale being now out, and the Sound of his Anvil reaching *Sledge's* Ears, and seeming to say, "*to work, to work,*" he returned to his Shop, leaving the Farmer to finish the Newspaper by himself.

No sooner did *Sheaf* perceive that they were out of hearing, than he cursed them both for a Couple of Fools, to fall out about such Nonsense.—“For
 “ my Part,” says he, I care not who is
 “ *in*, nor who is *out*;—whether I am
 “ ruled by King George, or Oliver
 E 6 “ *Cromwell*;

“ *Cromwell*;—it makes but little Difference in my Concerns.—If Taxes are high, I contrive that my Customers shall pay for them, by Hook or by Crook.—What signifies grumbling! it does not make Things better.”—Then having hummed the Burden of the old Song, *The Vicar of Bray*, he had Recourse again to the Paper, to see if he could find any Article among the domestic News, that was likely to profit him more than what he had read about the Affairs of *France*.

Equally inattentive to all Concerns but those which tend to his Profit, sits the Landlord; his every Thought employed in pushing about the Jorum.—No less singular is the Character of this
Vender

Vender of Ale, than those of his three Customers just described.—Like *Boniface*, “ he eats his Ale, he drinks his “ Ale, and he sleeps upon his Ale ;” and he thinks all Happiness comprized in a Jug of good Ale.

Spicket, for that is his Name, had spent the youthful Part of his Life in the humble Station of a Post-Chaise-Driver ; till at length his fortunate Stars having placed him in that Capacity at a respectable Inn, not far off from his present Habitation, he was, by one of those Freaks of the blind Goddess which are not always to be accounted for, raised to the more elevated Sphere of the Landlord of a Village Alehouse.

Being

Being a well-made, active, young Fellow, he had not been long in his new Place before he attracted the Attention of *Mrs. Betty*, the Chambermaid.—*Betty* had now maintained her Post at this Inn for more than twenty Years, with an unimpeached Character; that is, though her Virtue had experienced many a Hair-breadth Escape, she was as well spoken of as any of her tucking-up Sisterhood.

During this Space, what with the customary Perquisites of her Place, and now and then an extraordinary *Douceur* from an amorous Traveller, for some little *harmless* Liberties granted while warming his Bed, she had amassed together the Sum of Two Hundred Pounds.

Pounds. Finding herself in Possession of what would make her future Life comfortable, she resolved, as the first Step toward it, to take unto herself a Husband; that she might taste, without Alloy, those matrimonial Comforts, of which she had been able, during a twenty Years Attendance on the male Sex, to obtain a Kind of Inkling.

In casting her Eyes about for this Purpose, *Spicket's* well-made Leg and Thigh, with his neatly-fitting Buckskin Breeches, struck most forcibly on the Retina; and ascending with Rapidity from thence to the Brain, there generated such a Train of Ideas, as, in Conjunction with his own good Fortune, pointed him out as the Man on whom
her

her Money would not be ill bestowed. Her Choice thus made, Consummation was not long delayed. A few kind Looks, and kind Attentions, on *Betty's* Side, putting Things in a Train;—and the Prospect of bettering himself forwarding that Train on *Spicket's* Side;—a few Weeks Courtship brought the Matter to a Conclusion. And the House they now live in being just at that Time tenantless, they were, through the Medium of *Betty's* Money, soon settled in it.

Spicket was not insensible to this unexpected Elevation; he, however, retained Gratitude enough to make his Benefactress a tolerable Husband; and, upon the whole, *Betty* has had no Reason

son

son to reproach herself for a Want of Discernment in her Choice, or Inexperience in those Matters; but being now pretty far advanced in Life, *Mrs. Spicket* finds her chief Comfort in their Ale, and the Profits arising from it.

Some Sparks of Gallantry, such as a Squeeze by the Hand, a Chuck under the Chin, or a slyly-stolen Kiss, from the prettiest of his female Customers, has *Spicket*, "whose flowing Hair Time has not yet thinned," been now and then betrayed into; but the Argus-Eyes of his experienced Partner generally prevented their extending beyond this; so that he, likewise, now fixes all his Wishes on his Ale, and finds his chief Consolation in the Quickness of the Sale of it.

The

her Money would not be ill bestowed. Her Choice thus made, Consummation was not long delayed. A few kind Looks, and kind Attentions, on *Betty's* Side, putting Things in a Train;—and the Prospect of bettering himself forwarding that Train on *Spicket's* Side;—a few Weeks Courtship brought the Matter to a Conclusion. And the House they now live in being just at that Time tenantless, they were, through the Medium of *Betty's* Money, soon settled in it.

Spicket was not insensible to this unexpected Elevation; he, however, retained Gratitude enough to make his Benefactress a tolerable Husband; and, upon the whole, *Betty* has had no Reason

fon

son to reproach herself for a Want of Discernment in her Choice, or Inexperience in those Matters; but being now pretty far advanced in Life, *Mrs. Spicket* finds her chief Comfort in their Ale, and the Profits arising from it.

Some Sparks of Gallantry, such as a Squeeze by the Hand, a Chuck under the Chin, or a slyly-stolen Kiss, from the prettiest of his female Customers, has *Spicket*, "whose flowing Hair Time has not yet thinned," been now and then betrayed into; but the Argus-Eyes of his experienced Partner generally prevented their extending beyond this; so that he, likewise, now fixes all his Wishes on his Ale, and finds his chief Consolation in the Quickness of the Sale of it.

The

The other Characters, though prominent in the Picture, and aiding the general Sentiment, do not furnish so much Room for Description as those already noted.—One of the Village-Maidens is pressed by the Landlord to partake of his favourite Beverage, which he thinks cannot but prove acceptable to every Palate; and in this Application he is seconded by the youthful Rustic who sits beside her. She coyly complies, and, with a commendable Prudence, just wets her Lips; from whence, but not for its own Sake, either the Landlord or the Lover would gladly kiss away the sparkling Drop. The latter has often breathed a soft Wish into her

Ear,

Ear, which has met with no great Obstruction in its Way to her Heart ; and the Time may probably come, when they will be pleasingly answered with a softly uttered "*I will,*" at the Altar.



NUMBER XVII.

MORNING ; OR, THE MAN OF
TASTE.By B U N B^r U R Y.

Bustards, Pheasants, Woodcocks, Widgeons,
 Wild-Ducks, Plovers, Snipes, and Pigeons,
 Ev'ry Fowl, of ev'ry Sort,
 To your native Haunts resort.
 Bucks and Does, and Hares and Fawns,
 Speed ye to your verdant Lawns.
 Turbot, Salmon, Herrings, Soles,
 Scud ye to your briny Holes.
 Each to your wonted Covert haste,
 Beware, beware *The Man of Taste*.
 All that can escape, — away !
 You're surely slaughter'd if you stay.

A. B.

“ EH !

“ *E*H! *mauvaise Odeur!*—By Gar,
“ my Lady, it ave le bon Goût;
“ dat be all!”—*Le bon Goût, Coquin!*
“ It stinks, I say. Take it away.”—
And away went *Monsieur Le Cuisineur*,
shrugging up his Shoulders, and putting on that submissive Air which a French Dependent knows so well how to *affect*. He could not, however, help muttering to himself, as he went out,
“ Stanks, en verité!—O mon Dieu!
“ vat a delicat Tasse ave des same my
“ Lors and my Ladies Anglois!”

Notwithstanding this momentary Interruption, occasioned by discovering
that

that a Wild-Duck had too much of the *mauvaise Odeur* for an English Palate, the Arrangement of the Dinner for the Day, a Business of the utmost Importance to *Sir Jasper* and *Lady Cormorant*, (the Personages exhibited in the humorous Piece before us) went on. The Bill of Fare was read, and re-read;—the Cook, the Butler, the *Maître d'Hotel*, were called in again and again;—Consultations were held on the Propriety of such and such Dishes;—the precise Time for dressing such and such Game, Wild-Fowl, *et cetera*, was canvassed;—and all these Points were argued with as much Earnestness and Solemnity, as a Case of Adultery, or
the

the Arraignment of a State Prisoner, usually is before the House of Peers.

Sir Jasper was to entertain some of his very best Friends, the Day whereon the Scene here represented is supposed to have taken Place. By *his very best Friends*, I mean a Party, whose good Opinion and good Report he was particularly anxious to preserve. Particular Care was therefore to be taken in the Adjustment of the Dinner, lest he should lose an Iota of that Fame he had already acquired by his Knowledge in the festive Art.

In about two Hours, this momentous Concern was settled to the Satisfaction of the Baronet and his Lady; and all
the

the needful Directions given.—During the greatest Part of this Time, *Sir Jasper* had taken Care that he would not lose a Mouthful. Repeated Piles of Muffins served to interlard the Discourse, and to prevent any Waste of Spirits from the arduous Discussion.

Sir Jasper Cormorant enjoys, with his Title, a good Estate, which had been long in the Family; and being next Heir, by the female Side, to his Uncle, the late *Mr. Alderman Vulture*, a very considerable Sum in the Funds was bequeathed to him by that Gentleman. To these he made a handsome Addition by a Marriage with *Miss Guttle*, the Daughter of a wealthy Citizen of that Name.

A Fortune

A Fortune so ample, enables him to live in Stile, in one of the Squares at the West-End of the Town, and to indulge, without Controul, his Taste, (indeed the only Taste he possesses) in the Pleasures of the Table.

The ingenious Artist, with that Brilliance of Fancy which he possesses in so eminent a Degree, has been far from overcharging the Subject in the Piece before us. *Sir Jasper's* Abilities in the only Line he has any scientific Knowledge of, are not to be exaggerated. The most celebrated Epicures among the Ancients, and some there were of no mean Fame, would not be able to stand in Competition with him, the Difference

of their Situations and Fortunes admitted in the Comparifon.

Though an Education fuitable to his Rank in Life had been beftowed on him, he had profited very little by it. And though he had an elegant and well-chofen Library, few of the Books in it were ever honoured with his Attention, but thofe on his favourite Topic.

Next to the actual Enjoyment of the Table, his greateft Pleafure confifted in reading the Lives of fuch of the Ancients as had rendered themfelves famous by their gormandizing, rather than by their heroic Deeds. *Apicius*, and his Works, were greatly efteemed by him; and he
thought

thought so celebrated an Epicure worthy a better End.—He likewise read with Delight the Account given in “The private Life of the Romans,” of the Oeconomy of *Marc Antony’s* Table, while in Egypt. The Luxuries that Hero was indulged with at the Court of the amorous *Cleopatra*, excited his Astonishment. Five wild Boars roasting every Day, one after the other, in order that one of them might be ready to serve up whenever the luxurious Pair were disposed to dine, carried with it an Idea of Magnificence and good Living, that captivated the Imagination of *Sir Jasper*.

But a Phænomenon, of a similar Nature, in his native Country, of which

he was an Eye Witness, raised his Astonishment to a still higher Pitch. The wonderful Exhibition of Eatables annually displayed by *Mr. Weeks*, on Christmas-Day, at the *Bush Tavern* in *Bristol*, having been reported to him, he made a Journey to that City on the last Return of the just-mentioned Festival, in order to gratify at once his Eyes and his Palate.

He there beheld a Collection of dainty Viands, that nothing but ocular Demonstration could have convinced him, (much as he had read, heard, and experienced, of good Living,) of the Possibility of collecting, at one Time, in one Larder. According to the Account *Sir Jasper* received, properly authenticated,

ticated, this uncommon Exhibition consisted of the following Articles.

CHRISTMAS, 1788.

Turtle.	8 Wild Turkies.
British Turtle.	12 Golden Plovers.
Giblet Soup.	7 Wood Pigeons.
Pease Soup.	5 Land Rails.
Gravy Soup.	4 Gelas.
11 Cod.	4 Peahens.
5 Turbots.	Pigeons.
2 Brills.	108 Larks.
8 Carp.	24 Stares.
2 Perch.	98 Small Birds.
1 Salmon.	28 Turkies.
5 Plaice.	12 Capons.
120 Herrings.	8 Ducks.
Sprats.	7 Geese.
F 3	29 Soles

29 Soles.	62 Chicken.
11 Eels.	4 Ducklings.
Saltfish.	8 Rabbits.
4 Does.	5 Pork Griskins.
46 Hares.	4 Veal Burrs.
13 Pheasants.	2 Roasting Pigs.
5 Grouse.	Oysters stewed and
67 Partridges.	scalloped.
108 Wild Ducks.	Eggs.
5 Wild Geese.	Hog's Puddings.
52 Teal.	Scotch Collops.
44 Widgeon.	Veal Cutlets.
5 Bald Coots.	Harricoed Mutton.
1 Sea Pheasant.	Maintenon Chops.
2 Mews.	Pork Chops.
12 Moor Hens.	Mutton Chops.
1 Water Dab.	Rump Steaks.
5 Curlews.	Sausages.

1 Bittern.

1 Bittern.	Tripe.
108 Woodcocks.	Cow Heel.
207 Snipes.	4 House Lambs.

V E A L.

5 Legs.	1 Loin.
---------	---------

B E E F.

7 Rumps.	5 Ribs.
1 Sirloin.	

M U T T O N.

14 Haunches.	4 Legs.
8 Necks.	

P O R K.

4 Loins.	2 Chines.
1 Leg.	2 Spare Ribs.

F 4 COLD.

C O L D.

Baron of Beef, 560 Minced Pies:

343 lb.

10 Tarts.

3 Hams.

211 Jellies.

4 Tongues.

200 Crayfish.

6 Chicken.

Pickled Salmon.

11 Collars of

7 Crabs.

Brawn.

Sturgeon.

2 Rounds of Beef. Pickled Oysters.

Collared Veal

Potted Partridge.

& Mutton.

Potted Pigeons.

Collared Eels.

24 Lobsters.

Harts Tongues.

Oysters.

French Pies.

The brilliant Display of *Mr. Cox's* curious Exhibition, previous to his Lottery, some Years ago, did not excite a Tithe of that Astonishment in the Minds

Minds of the gaping Citizens of London, that *Mr. Weeks's more valuable* and more substantial Display did on the Mind of *Sir Jasper*.—He gaped.—He stared.—He ran his Eye over the different Articles again and again. And remained enrapt in silent Wonder for some Minutes, exposing *Lady Cormorant*, who stood at his right Hand, and *Mr. Weeks*, who stood at his Left, to the rude Prefure of the surrounding Croud.

At length, he thus broke out in a Transport, that would no longer be repressed.—“What,” cried he, “is
 “the late *Sir Ashton Lever's* Collection
 “of natural Curiosities, justly cele-
 “brated as it is, to this?—Let *Mr.*
 “*Hierschel* wait with Impatience for the

“ Return of the expected Comet, if he
“ will; here do *I* find every rational
“ Curiosity satisfied!—Now, my Lady,
“ may we truly say, we have seen the
“ *Eighth* Wonder of the World; and
“ that not inferior to any of the former
“ *Seven*. Can all your *Colossuses*, your
“ *Pharosfes*, or your *Pyramids*, equal a
“ Sight like this?”

Then turning to *Mr. Weeks*, as well
as the Pressure of the Croud, who begun,
by this Time, to *smoke* the Baronet,
would permit; he said, “ Never
“ did I regret, till now, *Mr. Weeks*,
“ that I was not possessed of regal
“ Power. Were I the Monarch of
“ these Realms, I would immediately
“ confer the Honour of Knighthood on
“ you.

“ you. And that should not be a mere
 “ nominal, an unsubstantial Honour,
 “ I assure you, *Mr. Weeks*. I would re-
 “ vive the Order of King *Arthur's* Round
 “ Table (whose Knights, I dare say,
 “ were good Trencher-Men, as well as
 “ brave Fellows,) and set you at the Head
 “ of it. And, in order to enable you
 “ to support your new Dignity, I would
 “ further make you one of the *Poor*
 “ *Knights of Windsor*. This I would do,
 “ *Mr. Weeks*, not altogether upon Ac-
 “ count of the Gratification I now
 “ receive, but because I find your
 “ general Character to be that of an
 “ honest, worthy, benevolent Man,
 “ and a good Citizen; and I think I
 “ might venture to add, *the first in*

"*your Line of Business in the known*
World."

Mr. Weeks respectfully bowed to the Baronet ; and those who had gathered round, to hear *Sir Jasper's* Harangue, (many of whom ranked among the principal Citizens) confirmed by their Plaudits the Eulogium he had pronounced upon the Landlord.

The Sight alone did not satisfy the Baronet. As a *Man of Taste*, he wished to gratify that Sense also. He desired *Mr. Weeks* to show him a Room ; which, notwithstanding there was scarcely a Nook in the House unfilled, the latter thought himself in Honour bound to comply with, in Return for the handsome

some Things he had said of his Larder and himself. *Mr. Weeks* had besides had some Hints given him of the Rank of his Guest, and of his masticating Powers ; he consequently concluded that he would turn out no bad Customer.

Sir Jasper and *Lady Cormorant* were accordingly shown into a small Room behind the Bar, which, though inconvenient from its Size, the Baronet put up with ; that he might be able to boast to his Friends on his Return to London, of his not having left the House while one Article in the foregoing List, remained undisposed of, or was eatable.

NUMBER XVIII.

A TALE OF LOVE.

By BUNBURY.

Swift glide the passing Hours, when Love the Theme,
 By murmuring Fountain, or meandering Stream,
 The youthful Mind, secure from Care and Noise,
 With anxious Thought, the pleasing Tale enjoys ;
 Their sympathizing Hearts each Woe alarms,
 Each Doubt distresses, and each Transport warms ;
 Till, ev'ry ruder Passion quell'd, they prove
 How great the Bliss that flows from virtuous Love.

A. B.

AMONG the Amusements of the
 younger Branches of *Sir Frederick*
Grantley's Family, after the severer
 Studies

Studies of the Day, was that of reading •entertaining Stories. To prevent their Minds from being contaminated by the Trash contained in most modern Publications of that Kind, the Subjects were chosen for them; and were such as tended to amend the Heart, as well as to amuse the Imagination. From this Selection, Tales of Love, delicately and sensibly told, were not excluded; as these not only conduce to relax the Mind, but by awakening the softer Passions, and inspiring a laudable Susceptibility, excite a Participation in the Woes of others, and, at the same Time give an agreeable Polish to the Manners.

FIT PAINTING PERSONIFIED.

One fine Summer Evening, a select Party of the Baronet's amiable Offspring retired to the most unfrequented Part of the Garden, in order to hear, without Interruption, *a Tale of Love*, which their eldest Sister had just been favoured with by a young Lady of her Acquaintance, who spoke highly of it, as being the Production of a Friend of hers, and yet unpublished.

The Expectations of the young Folks being excited by these Particulars, they so placed themselves around their Sister, as not to lose a Word of it; and as soon as she perceived they were attentive, the charming *Arabella*, with inexpressible Grace and Propriety, thus read.

A TALE

A TALE OF LOVE.

'Twas Evening.—A still Silence reigned throughout the Grove, save where it was interrupted by the Notes of the love-lorn Nightingale. *Philomela* sweetly warbled forth her Tale of Love to one who felt its Force with equal Sensibility to that with which the solitary Songstress of the Night bewailed the Loss of *her* Mate.

“ Ah, hapless Bird !” cried a sorrowing Damsel, who had roved to this recluse Spot to indulge her Melancholy,
 “ how correspondent are thy sweet
 “ Notes to those which I would pour
 “ forth, were I possessed of thy war-
 “ bling Throat!—What a dying Fall!—
 “ How

“ How finely it is contrasted by that
“ lively *Jug, jug, jug!*—How extatic
“ that Swell!—I must hear no more.—
“ It gives fresh Pungency to those
“ Sensations which are already too
“ pungent.—Yes, sweet Chauntress!
“ the Chord thou strikest is set in
“ Unison with that which leads to my
“ Heart.—The Feelings thy melan-
“ choly Notes so forcibly express, are
“ such as rack poor *Anna's* Bosom.—
“ And hast *thou* lost a Love?—Dost
“ thou so plaintively bewail thy absent
“ Mate?—Perchance the Fowler's Gun
“ or deadly Snare has snatched him from
“ thee for ever; and thy poor widowed
“ Breast, fixed on that pointed Thorn,
“ true Emblem of the Pangs within,
“ ejects,

" ejects, in such accordant Sounds, its
 " never-ceasing Woes.—Thanks to the
 " gracious Guardians of true Love,
 " that is not, yet, I trust, *my* hapless
 " Lot.—Though distant far, all in a
 " foreign Clime, to Waves and War
 " exposed, I still have Hope.—My
 " *Henry* may return.—But, were my
 " Lot as hopeless quite as thine, like
 " thee, I'd spend the Remnant of my
 " Life in soft Bewailings, nor ever
 " know another Love."

In this Manner the love-lorn Maiden
 expressed the Sensations which the cor-
 respondent Notes of the Nightingale
 had excited in her Bosom. In this
 Manner she bemoaned her absent Love.

Young

Young *Henry* and his *Anna* were the Pride of the Valley in which they received their Birth. Nature had bestowed on them Endowments and Graces superior to the Rank of Life in which she had placed them. Their Parents residing near each other, they spent their early Years in that innocent Familiarity which Vicinity produces. As they grew up, the same Employment, and the same Recreations, engrossed the passing Hours. As *Shenstone* sweetly sings,

“ On the same Plains their Flocks they fed ;

“ To the same Streams their Heifers led.”

And when the neighbouring Peasants met to celebrate the new-born May,

Henry

Henry and *Anna* were by universal Consent crowned with fragrant Chaplets, and hailed their King and Queen.

Thus did their circling Years pass away, till the Passions began to assert their Empire over the Heart, and the Blood to flow in less placid Streams. That Familiarity which had hitherto subsisted between this youthful Pair, now gave Way to a warmer Attachment. Their Friendship became more and more tinged with Affection, till at length it ripened into Love.

A more reserved Conduct on the Part of *Anna*, now, (so Custom bids) became needful. Prudence suggested to her that the Delicacy of her Sex
forbid

forbid her to behave towards *Henry* in the same familiar Manner, however innocent it was, that she had hitherto done.

Henry, on his Part, intuitively put on a more distant Behaviour. He approached her with a Kind of Awe, from a Fear of displeasing her. Instead of uttering a Word that favoured of Love, which he now perceived to have taken full Possession of his Soul, he indulged his Sighs in secret; and the only Signs he gave of the Ardency of his increased Affection, was by an Increase of his respectful Assiduities.

In such a Situation were the Hearts of this innocent and amiable Pair, when
the

the Time arrived at which the Parents of both thought it needful, that they should enter into the connubial State. The future Settlement of their Children in Life, and the Prolongation of their Families, became now the Objects of parental Attention. They must have observed that an Attachment, somewhat more tender than that which usually arises between Youth of different Sexes through the Vicinity of their Abodes, existed between *Henry* and *Anna*; but being of a sordid Disposition, as Persons in their Line too often are, each Father thought a more advantageous Match was to be obtained for his Child.

Short-lived and uncertain is the Happiness of Mortals.—To-day they are
5 full

full of pleasing Expectations; to-morrow, these Expectations are scattered like the Morning-Dew. From this Period commenced the Misfortunes of the youthful Pair. An Event now took Place which put an End to the innocent Pleasure they had hitherto enjoyed in each other's Company; and proved a Source of Anxiety and Dejection, which their young Hearts were but ill-prepared to combat with.

It happened unfortunately for them, that *Henry* one Day attending his Father to a neighbouring Village, his florid Youth, and personal Charms, made such an Impression upon the Heart of a young Shepherdess, Daughter to one of the most opulent Inhabitants of that

Part

Part of the Country, as was not to be withstood. So violent was the new-born Passion, that, with a Precipitance unbecoming the Delicacy of her Sex, the Damsel prevailed on her Father to make the Proposal of an Alliance to the Parent of *Henry*, before he left the House.

The Offer was too advantageous to be refused. It was readily accepted; and the needful Preliminaries immediately settled by the old Folks. So well assured was *Henry's* Father of its being equally agreeable to his Son, that he had not even consulted his Inclination upon the Occasion; nor did he deign to communicate his Intentions to him till they were on their Return

home. He then informed him of what he had done; and, in a peremptory Tone, bid him prepare himself, against the ensuing Week, for the Celebration of his Nuptials.—The Refinements and Etiquettes of higher Ranks were unknown among these simple Swains. The Will of the Parent, and his subsequent Resolves, were considered as the only needful Requisites in an Affair of this Nature, without the Participation of the Children.

Had a Thunderbolt darted from the livid Clouds, and penetrated the Earth at his Feet, *Henry* could not have been more shocked and terrified than he was at this Information. He remained for some Minutes silent. At length, he

he stammers out an Answer, but it was too confused and inarticulate to be understood. It, however, served to excite his Father's Anger. And *Henry* perceiving from his Parent's inflamed Countenance, that Intreaties or Remonstrances would prove ineffectual, he thought it unnecessary to have Recourse to them; and he remained absorpt in Thought, till they reached their Home.

Overwhelmed with Grief, he there threw himself upon his Couch, and watered it with his Tears. At a Loss what Steps to pursue, he passed a restless Night. He wished to disclose his Situation to *Anna*, but could not summon up Resolution enough to do it.—
“ Alas !” said he to himself, “ what

G 2 “ Consolation

“ Consolation can I hope to receive
“ from communicating my Father’s
“ sudden and unexpected Mandate to
“ that lovely Maiden? Have I ever
“ let her into the State of my Heart?
“ Or have I any Reason to suppose that
“ she entertains more than a neigh-
“ bourly Friendship for me? To know
“ that her Affection is equal to my own,
“ would be a Happiness too great for
“ a Wretch like me to expect. And if
“ I could suppose she entertains a tender
“ Sentiment for me, what would it now
“ avail? Am I not doomed to be
“ another’s? And do I not know my
“ Father’s pertinacious Temper too
“ well to hope he will relax in his
“ Purposes?”

In

In the Indulgence of such perplexing Reflections, did *Henry* pass the Night, impatiently waiting for the Approach of Day.—No sooner had Aurora peeped through the roseate Curtains of the East, than he leaped from his Couch, and hastening to the Fold, turned out his Flock, whilst yet the glittering Dew-Drops besprinkled the Ground. So impatient was he to obtain a Sight of his beloved *Anna*, now doubly dear to him, that he thought the accustomed Hour would never arrive.

At length she appears.—*Henry* hastens towards her, with trembling Steps.—But, oh, how shall he disclose the fatal Secret!—The Agitation of his Mind was not to be concealed.—With equal Tre-

“ Consolation can I hope to receive
“ from communicating my Father’s
“ sudden and unexpected Mandate to
“ that lovely Maiden ? Have I ever
“ let her into the State of my Heart ?
“ Or have I any Reason to suppose that
“ she entertains more than a neigh-
“ bourly Friendship for me ? To know
“ that her Affection is equal to my own,
“ would be a Happiness too great for
“ a Wretch like me to expect. And if
“ I could suppose she entertains a tender
“ Sentiment for me, what would it now
“ avail ? Am I not doomed to be
“ another’s ? And do I not know my
“ Father’s pertinacious Temper too
“ well to hope he will relax in his
“ Purposes ? ”

In

In the Indulgence of such perplexing Reflections, did *Henry* pass the Night, impatiently waiting for the Approach of Day.—No sooner had Aurora peeped through the roseate Curtains of the East, than he leaped from his Couch, and hastening to the Fold, turned out his Flock, whilst yet the glittering Dew-Drops besprinkled the Ground. So impatient was he to obtain a Sight of his beloved *Anna*, now doubly dear to him, that he thought the accustomed Hour would never arrive.

At length she appears.—*Henry* hastens towards her, with trembling Steps.—But, oh, how shall he disclose the fatal Secret!—The Agitation of his Mind was not to be concealed.—With equal Tre-

pidation *Anna* enquires into the Cause of it.—He can no longer hide it.

It is scarcely in the Power of Language to describe the Scene that ensued. Every Spark of female Reserve vanished before the dreaded Danger. Their Sighs and Tears, the only Language they could now use, spoke the Fervour of their Love, and the Depth of their Despair.—What was to be done ! There appeared to be no other Alternative, in order to avoid the hated Union, than that of having Recourse to Flight. The apprehended Evil carried so much Terror with it, that *Henry* determined to tempt the utmost Rigour of his Fate, rather than submit to it.

The

The American War being now in the Zenith of its Fury, he resolved to leave his native Plains, and seek his Fortune either in the Army or the Navy. "Perhaps," said he, "those ministering Spirits who are commissioned to guard the Votaries of *True Love*, may return me to the Arms of my *Anna*, ere many annual Suns have revolved, not only crowned with Honour, but possessed of Wealth sufficient to remove all Obstructions to that Union which alone can make me happy. The Thought that I am blessed with her Love, will support me through every Toil or Danger."

The lovely *Anna* could only answer with her Tears. The Idea of parting

with him for so long a Time ; and the Thought of the Perils he was about to encounter ; threw her into Agonies not to be described. The Dread, however, of losing him for ever, and that by a Marriage equally hateful to *Henry* and herself, acted as an Alleviation to these Terrors ; and, almost without knowing what she did, she sobbed out a reluctant Assent.

The Hour arrived that they must part.—No Time was to be lost.—*Henry* took a last Embrace, and tore himself away.—*Anna* followed him with her tearful Eye, till a Thicket intercepted her View ; and then, overwhelmed by her Grief, fell senseless on the Plain.

Henry

Henry had now been absent three Years ; during which Time *Anna* had indulged her Melancholy in Silence. Nor could the Intreaties or Commands of her Parents prevail on her to dispel it, or to make Choice of any other of the neighbouring Swains.

This Evening, a more than usual Gloom had overspread her Mind ; and she roved, alone, just as the setting Sun had sunk into the Main, to the Grove where the Notes of the Nightingale had excited the foregoing empaffioned Address to her.

Night now began to spread her sable Curtain over the Heavens, and Prudence dictated her Return.—“ Adieu, sweet

“ Bird !” she cried. ‘ Most musical,
 “ most melancholy,’ are indeed thy
 “ Notes. Though I leave thee, they
 “ will dwell upon my Mind ; and, if
 “ need were, would serve to refresh the
 “ Remembrance of my absent Love.”

Having said this, the disconsolate
 Maiden turned about, in order to re-
 turn ; when,—mysterious Heaven !—
 she found herself encircled in the Arms
 of a Man.—She shrieks ;—she faints !
 but is soon restored to Life and Happi-
 ness by the well-known Voice of her
Henry. “ Behold, my Love,” cried he,
 “ thy own, thy faithful *Henry* ! His
 “ Wishes have been answered, and he
 “ is returned to Love and thee.”

Henry's

Henry's Expedition having been attended with the wished-for Success, the Consent of the Parents of both Parties was readily obtained ; and a Morn, not far distant, saw this faithful Pair united in indissoluble Bands. The neighbouring Shepherds and Shepherdesses attended their Nuptials ; crowned them, as they were wont, with rosy Chaplets, and continue, annually, to celebrate with Songs and Sports, the Sufferings, and returning Happiness, of *Henry* and his *Anna*.

Arabella ceased ; but her sweet Voice seemed still to vibrate on the Ear.— A Hum of Approbation ran through the youthful Circle.— Their young

Hearts had felt, in its full Force, the Distress of *Anna*.—The Gloom it had inspired, now cleared away.—They sympathized in the pleasing Reverse.—Their Eyes again resumed their Vivacity.—And they returned to the House, not only satisfied with the *Entertainment* the Story had afforded them, but *improved* by it. A Sensibility, which will enable them to feel for the Woes of others, and instigate them to become the Patrons of distressed Merit, bids fair to mark their future Lives. With Hearts thus awake to the gentler Virtues, it is more than probable, that each of them will become a Blessing to Society, and an Ornament to their ancient Family; which has always stood high in the Esteem of the Nation.

NUMBER

NUMBER XIX.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR:

By W E S T.

'Tis not alone the *Poet's* rolling Eye
That calls the baseless Vision from on high;
'Tis not alone the *Poet's* Pen that forms
The airy Nothing, and to Being warms;
The *Painter's* rolling Eye as wildly roves,
Thro' Fancy's Regions and Parnassian Groves;
Catches the shapeless Form, and Being gives,
And, from his Hand, the vision'd Object lives.
Thus do the Sister Arts alike require
The frenzy'd Glances, and inventive Fire.

A. B.

THE Subject of the Piece under
Consideration affords Room, in an
eminent Degree, for an Exertion of the
frenzyed

frenzyed Glances, and *inventive Fire*, just described ; the Scene being one of those which are left to the Imagination of the Artist, and at the same Time rich in Sentiment. Were it within the Limits of my Plan, I should not withhold the Encomium due to the *Execution* of this admired Picture ; but as the *Expression of Sentiment* contained therein is alone the Object on which the Effusions of my Imagination are to be employed, to that shall it be confined.

The Figure representing the *Witch of Endor*, while the varied Stile of it exhibits a Specimen of the Luxuriance of the Fancy of the Artist, is perfectly consonant to the Ideas usually formed of Witches.—The Pen, as well as the Pencil,

Pencil, has often been employed in describing these *supposed* Dealers in the magical Art.

Otway (here let me drop a sympathetic Tear over the too frequent Fate of Genius,) has thus pleasingly described, in his "ORPHAN," their wonted *Dress* and *Appearance*.

" In a close Lane, as I pursued my Journey,

" I spy'd a wrinkl'd Hag, with Age grown
double,

" Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself;

" Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd
and red,

" Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands
seem'd wither'd,

" And on her crooked Shoulders had she
wrapp'd

" The

“ The tatter’d Remnants of an old strip’d
Hanging,

“ Which serv’d to keep her Carcase from
the Cold :

“ So there was nothing of a Piece about her.

“ Her lower Weeds were all o’er coarsly
patch’d

“ With different-coloured Rags, black, red,
white, yellow,

“ And seem’d to speak Variety of Wretch-
edness.”

One Branch of the *Powers* they are
supposed to be invested with, I have
attempted to describe in the following
Lines ;*

“ Extensive is indeed my Pow’r, O Queen !

“ To me and to my wrinkled wayward Sisters,

“ Is giv’n by Lucifer, great Prince of th’ Air,

“ The

* “PATRIOT KING,” a Tragedy, Act V. Scene iv.

" The Means to torture and perplex Man-
kind.

" For such as are not shielded by their Virtues,

" Cramps, Aches, Pains, and Vertigos we
have ;

" The troubled Fancy, or the dank Night-
Mare.—

" For those he gives to our severer Vengeance,

" We greater Torments frame ; distorted
Limbs,

" Convulsive Struggles, and forlorn Despair.—

" Or, to compleat our Sovereign's deadliest
Will,

" We form an Image of the bleachen Wax ;

" Which, as we celebrate our nightly Orgies,

" By a self-kindled Fire we slowly roast,

" And as it melts the pining Victim dies."

In the Witch before us, both the
Appearance and *Powers* of this Species
of Beings, a Species believed to be of
the

the Composite Kind between human and infernal, are justly displayed.

What Expression in her Eyes!—What marked Emotion in her Features and Manner!—Even accustomed as she is to scenes of this Nature, and conscious of the Power of her Art, a secret Horror pervades her whole Frame, which she cannot divest herself of.—The Appearance, though but the *shadowy* Appearance, of a Person whose whole Life had been one continued Scene of Piety and Patriotism, awes her.

At the same Time, there is visible in her Countenance a Trait of Apprehension, left by the Practice of her Art, she has rendered herself obnoxious to
the

the King's Displeasure. Knowing that he had banished all those who, like herself, were engaged in the Service of the Prince of Darkness, as soon as she perceives that her Employer is the Sovereign of Judæa, she is not without her Fears, that notwithstanding it is at his Request she exercises her Art, his Anger might be rekindled against her, as soon as his Curiosity is gratified.

By these mental Agitations, with which a Consciousness of her great supernatural Powers appear to be mingled, the Artist has contrived to give a Representation truly correspondent with the Idea of the *Witch of Endor*, that must arise in every conceptive Mind,
on

on reading this Part of the Jewish History.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has given us (as already * observed) a Portrait of the PROPHET SAMUEL, at a very early Period of his Life ;—a Period, which afforded him an Opportunity (as before remarked) of throwing a Beam of Innocence and Sanctity over the infant Form, demonstrative of his future sacred Character.

The Artist, to whose well-known Abilities we are indebted for the Piece under Consideration, has exhibited the holy Man after he has passed the Confines of Eternity.—But though this State precludes the Opportunity of portraying

* See Number IX.

traying in the Features any Traits of Character, he has been enabled thereby to throw over the Figure a Splendor, not only descriptive of its shadowy State, but which leaves Room for the Imagination to fashion to itself a Ray of assured Hope, that the Mansions *Samuel* has been called from, are such as he is either about to receive, or has received, in, the Reward of a Life singularly beneficial to his Country, and honourable to himself.

The Form and Posture of the prostrate King are truly descriptive of the State of Mind *Saul* appears to be in at the Time; for the clearer Elucidation of which, it may not be improper to recount some of the principal Incidents

6

that

that had occasioned his present Application to the Witch.

Saul had no sooner, in Conformity to the misguided Wishes of the Israelitish Nation, been chosen by the Almighty to become their Sovereign, and exalted from a humble Station to that Dignity, than he began to set up his own Will in Opposition to that of his divine Patron. For many Years, the Behests of the omniscient Head of the Theocracy had been imparted to the Prophet *Samuel*, and communicated through him to the People ; and in Kindness to the favoured Children of his beloved *Abraham*, this Mode, notwithstanding their Contumacy in demanding a King, was still continued ; and the LORD deigned to make

known his Will by the same Channel to *Saul*.

The Jewish Monarch, however, having at length, in a signal Instance disobeyed the divine Injunctions, the LORD OF HOSTS found it necessary to remove him from a Situation, for which, after repeated Trials, he appeared to be totally ineligible. Nor could *Samuel's* friendly Intercessions in his Behalf, who sincerely lamented his Fate, procure a Suspension of the too just Decree.

Samuel was accordingly directed to go to *Bethlehem*, and anoint one of the Sons of *Jesse* as the future King of *Israel*. The Prophet's Instructions relative to the intended Inauguration, were such as
human

human Wisdom probably would not have dictated.—The tallest and most portly of the young Men are passed by;—neither does the Claim of Seniority avail, although greater Abilities may have been expected from it.—*David*, the *youngest* is chosen;—and that, because to the Graces of his Person, and mental Endowments, is added a *Heart* disposed implicitly to obey the divine Commands. The Language made Use of in sacred Writ, in giving a Reason for this apparently impolitic Choice, is peculiarly expressive and elegant.—“ For the LORD seeth not as Man
 “ seeth; Man looketh on the outward
 “ Appearance; but the LORD looketh
 “ on the Heart.”

From

From this Time, the Reign of *Saul* is one continued Scene of Turbulence and Distraction to himself.—Between the unremitting Invasions of the *Philistines*, and his jealous Apprehensions from the rising Merit and increasing Fame of *David*, Peace is a Stranger to his Bosom.—And, after the Decease of his sage and holy Monitor, *Samuel*, it is more peculiarly so. He then finds himself like a stately Bark tost by Tempests in the boundless Ocean, without a Rudder.—His Troubles and Difficulties increase, and no Haven appears.—The divine Instructions he was wont to receive are no longer granted.—He applies to the Prophets, but they are mute.—In vain does he have Recourse

to the *Urim*.—Not a sacred Response is to be obtained.

In this Dilemma, he forms the desperate Resolution of calling, by the Aid of Witchcraft, the Prophet *Samuel* from the silent Mansions of the Dead, in which he had some Time before been peaceably inhumed, amidst the universal Lamentations of a People, who knew and venerated his Worth.

But even in doing this he found Difficulties to arise.—Having banished from his Kingdom all those who were skilled in Magic, he was at a Loss to meet with a Person capable of carrying his Design into Execution. He was, however, at length informed that a

Woman, residing at *Endor*, had a familiar Spirit, and was possessed of the Power of raising the Dead.

To her the disconsolate Monarch applies ; and concealing his Name and Rank under a Disguise, prevailed upon the Hag to begin her hellish Incantations: But no sooner did she hear the Request of her Employer to call up the Ghost of *Samuel*, and perceive the first glimmering of the Splendour which announced the rising Spectre, than she discovered it could be no other than *Saul* himself, who had betrayed her into the forbidden Process.

Upon finding that she had thus unwittingly brought herself into so dan-

gerous a Situation, she became unusually agitated.—“How is this!” cried she.—“Why hast thou thus deceived me, O *Saul*?—Is it not enough that thou hast banished from thy Dominions all my wayward Sisters, and every Wizard?—Must thou seek by Arts like these *my* Ruin also?”

The King unwilling to have his Expectations frustrated in the Moment of Fruition, assured her of his Protection.—“Proceed,” said he with Impatience; “No Harm shall come unto thee.—“Tell me what thou seest.”—“I see,” replied the Hag, “a majestic Being rising out of the Earth, the Dignity of whose Appearance proclaims him to be a God.”—“In what Form does he

“ he appear ? ” enquired the King.—
 “ In the Form of a venerable old Man,”
 answered the Witch ; “ and he is covered
 “ with a Mantle.”

From this Representation, *Saul* readily perceives that the Spirit she had called up at his Request, is that of the Person whom he had wished to apply to. Struck with Awe, he prostrates himself before the visionary Prophet, and discloses to him his desperate Situation ; while Terror strongly marks the Countenances of his two Attendants.

It is this interesting Moment the Artist has chosen for the Exertion of his descriptive Talents.—“ Why dost thou
 “ apply to me ? ” said the deceased

Seer; "Why thus disquiet me?—There
 " is only one Source from whence Ad-
 " vice or Comfort can be derived in
 " the Hour of Distress; and as it is
 " denied thee there, it is in vain for
 " thee to apply to me.—I will, how-
 " ever, since the Application is made,
 " declare to thee thy future Fate.—Be
 " still, and list!—Hear what the LORD
 " hath decreed!—Because thou hast
 " disobeyed his Voice, he has rent the
 " Kingdom out of thy Hand, and given
 " it to another;—even to *David*;—the
 " Man of whose Merit thou hast been
 " so jealous, and whose Life thou hast
 " so often sought.—To-morrow, ere
 " the Sun shall have run his Course,
 " the *Philistines*, who are now in Array
 " against

" against thee, shall prevail over thee ;—
 " thy Troops shall be discomfited ;—
 " and thou and thy Sons be numbered
 " with the Dead.—Such will ever be
 " the Lot of those, who placing a vain
 " Confidence in their own Wisdom or
 " Power, oppose the Commands of the
 " Most High."

Samuel ceased.—The Illusion vanished.—And the unhappy Monarch, overcome with Dejection and long Fasting, sunk motionless on the Ground.

The next Day he found the Words of the Prophet too fatally verified ; and that with an Aggravation which had not been disclosed to him.—Being grievously wounded in the Battle, he

was so closely pressed by his Enemies, that to prevent his falling into their Hands, he put an End to his Existence with his own Sword. To add to the Calamities of the Day, he had just before seen the whole of his Sons, particularly his Son *Jonathan*,—whose amiable Manners and approved Valour rendered him worthy of a better Fate,—meet an untimely Death in the same Field.



NUMBER XX.

FOX - HUNTING.

By ROWLANDSON.

IN FIVE PLATES.

To Horse! to Horse!—Hark how the Horn,
With chearful Notes awakes the Morn!

A. B.

BRITONS were a hardy Race
When their chief Pleasure was the
Chace;

When with the melodious Horn
They usher'd in each rising Morn;
And could hear no sweeter Sounds
Than the deep Chorus of their Hounds.
To pursue their Game or Foe,
The only Pastime that they know;

As we learn from the old Tale
 Of the Chace at *Cheviot-Dale* :
 Where, their Sport to guard, we're told
 Fought 'Squires, and Knights, and Barons
 bold.

In the Fields we're sure to find
 Vig'rous Health and Peace of Mind.
 There our Fathers fought their Food ;
 There they purify'd their Blood ;
 And o'er Cans of Ale, at Night,
 Would the joyous Chace recite.

Hunting has been considered as an
 elevated Amusement from the Time of
Nimrod to the present.—*Hyppolitus*,
Meleager, *Adonis*, and many others were
 famed in the earlier Ages, for their
 Adroitness in the Sports of the Field ;
 and most of the Heroes of the succeed-
 ing Æras have been avowed Lovers of
 the

the Chace. The Lion, the Pard, the Wolf, the Wild Boar, and the fiercer Tribes of Animals, were then the Game they fought. And the Chace of these, while it increased the Strength of the Body, exercised the nobler Faculties of the Mind, by putting to the Test the Ingenuity, the Patience, and the Fortitude, of the Hunters.

What animated Representations has *Reubens* given us of the Encounters which usually took Place between these Terrors of the Plain, and their Pursuers!—What Danger attends them!—What Magnanimity is displayed!

In those Countries where the fiercer Beasts are not to be met with, the Stag,

the Fox, the Otter, and the Hare, become the Prey of the Hunter. Here indeed there is little Room for a Display of the nobler Exertions of the Mind; Exercise and Amusement can alone be the resulting Benefits. The Ingenuity of the Pursuer finds no other Employment than a dexterous conducting the Pursuit; and his Courage can only be tried by leaping a five-barred Gate, or an extensive Ditch. And as to the Honour acquired thereby, little Honour can arise from the Destruction of a trembling Stag, or an affrighted Hare,—save the Honour of being in at the Death.

Exercise and Amusement have, however, always been considered by the
Amateurs

Amateurs of the Chace, as a sufficient Plea for the Pursuit of it; and as it may, in some Degree, tend to a Revival of that Hardiness I have described in the foregoing Lines, it must be allowed to be one of the most unexceptionable Recreations of the present Times, and not unworthy the Pursuit and Encouragement of Royalty.

To render the Chace as little prejudicial as possible to Individuals, is all that is required to secure it from Censure.—When those of elevated Rank and Fortune indulge their favourite Propensities with a prudent Caution, no Objection can reasonably be made to the Indulgence of them.

If a Nobleman mounts his *Hobby-Horse*, and goes quietly on, without splashing and bemiring all he meets; let him ride ever so hard, or make ever so many Excursions out of the Road, no one is affected by it, and consequently no one has a Right to complain.—Every one beholds with Admiration his Lordship's prancing Steed, and praises his Lordship's Dexterity.

But when he goes on curvetting and floundering at every Turn, and incommodes all those whom Fortune shall throw, or has placed, in his Way; every Mouth is opened against him.—

“ Hold hard, my Lord, or you will
“ splash me all over, or running me
“ down, as *Obadiab* did *Doctor Slop*,
“ bury

“bury me in a Vortex of Mud raised
 “by your powerful Prancer!” is the
 Cry from every one affected, and that
 perhaps with an added Execration; nor
 can the Terrors of *Scandalum Magnatum*
 shield the Rider from general Reproach.

In a similar Manner, do the Pleasures
 of the Chace sometimes become ob-
 jectionable.—The Farmer, whose spring-
 ing Corn is trampled on, and whose
 Gates or Hedges are broken down, in
 the Eagerness of the Pursuit, will no
 doubt pronounce the Recreation of
 Hunting more injurious, than the Sports-
 man, amidst the chearful Cry of the
 Hounds, and the jocund Notes of the
 Horns, may readily allow it to be.—

But

But to return to the Subject of the Scenes under Consideration, wherein the Dexterity and Exertions of the Hunters are employed against a wily and mischievous Animal. The Pack; whose Steps we are to attend, belongs to *Lord Tantivy*, a young Nobleman whose Fortune enables him to support the Hospitality of his Predecessors, and to indulge himself in the Pleasures of the Chace, a *Penchant* for which, has descended from Father to Son for many Generations. His Lordship's Stud of Hunters exceeds that of any other Nobleman; and his Hounds are allowed to be the fleetest and most harmonious in their Notes, of any in this Kingdom.

The

The Scene (to speak dramatically) lies at his Lordship's Mansion, *Tantivy* Castle, and the Country round about; a Spot most favourably situated for Hunting, and upon that Account chosen many Centuries ago by his Ancestors as the Place of their Residence, during the Sporting Season.

P L A T E I.

GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

The Morning-Star as yet retains its silver Rays, and the first Tinges of *Aurora's* ruddy Vestments scarcely bestreak the eastern Borders of the Horizon, when the Sportsman, vigorous and alert, leaps from his Bed, and anticipating

pating the Pleasures of the Day, prepares to partake of the Chace.—The Hounds are unkennelled, and roving about in different Groupes, brush the sparkling Dew-Drops from the pointed Grass. Loitering, they await the Notes that are to summon them to the Field.—The Horses are brought out, and proudly pawing the Ground, by a restless Impatience seem to demand the Signal for Departure.

The Company assemble at the Call, and vaulting into the Saddle, give way to the pleasing Sensations excited by the enlivening Scene.—Their Expectations are on the Wing!—While the Senses of such as are delicately susceptible of the Impressions of Nature, are
nearly

nearly overpowered by the sweet Fragrance of the Morning Air, before the Sun has robbed it of its refreshing Effluvia.—A Pleasure unknown, and not to be conceived, by those who devote the earlier Hours to Sleep and Indulgence.—I have endeavoured to describe it in the following little Sonnet.

THE SWEETS OF MORN.

A SONNET.

I.

How sweet the dewy Breath of Morn !

How chearing blows the gentle Gale !

What beauteous Streaks the Sky adorn !

What Odours from the Earth exhale !

Drowsy Mortals never know

The Sweets that Morning can bestow.

II.

II.

AURORA on her balmy Wings,
From ev'ry Flow'r that blows around,
To those a grateful Tribute brings
Who early tread th' enamel'd Ground.

Drowfy Mortals never know
The Sweets that Morning can bestow.

III.

While breathing Health on all she meets,
HYGEIA trips it o'er the Lawn,
And sweetly smiling, kindly greets
Each Swain that rises with the Dawn.

Drowfy Mortals never know
The Sweets that Morning can bestow.

The cheering Horn has now given
the Signal; the Huntsman leads, and
all hasten to the appointed Copse, where
they expect to find their ready Prey.

P L A T E

P L A T E I I.

T H E R E F R E S H M E N T .

But the crafty Reynard, for a Time, eludes their Pursuit. Finding, on his Return from his nocturnal Depredations, that his usual Haunts are earthed up, with that Sagacity inherent in his Species, he instantly betakes himself to Flight. Having made Use of every artful Precaution to prevent a Continuance of the Trail, by running over the Tops of Walls, scrambling along the Sides of Banks, and other similar Manœuvres, he at length takes Refuge in a distant Quarry. He there secrets himself, till he thinks his Enemies, tired with the fruitless Pursuit, have given
over

over the Search after *him*, and turned their Attention toward some other hapless Victim. He then creeps back with no less Wariness, and finding the Coast clear, begins to reinstate himself in his Kennel.

In the mean Time his Pursuers, somewhat fatigued with their loitering Researches after their wily Prey, seek out for some Place, near at Hand, where they can procure Refreshment, to exhilarate their Spirits. Nor is it long, ere their Wishes are gratified.

Near the Skirts of the Wood which had been the Scene of their Pastime, they espy a Public House, the neat Rusticity of which speaks the Attention
of

of the Owner, and seems to promise, if not a sumptuous, at least a comfortable *Dejeuné*.—To this they all repair; and while some sit on Horseback, and others, by way of Relief, dismount, the hearty-looking Landlord supplies them with Goblets of his mellow home-brewed Stingo, which to their Palates seem to vie with *Horace's* racy *Falernian*; at the same Time, wholesome brown Bread, with Butter made by the fair Hands of the Landlord's pretty Daughter, allay their Hunger, and give a Relish to their Potations.—Though thus plain their Repast, Exercise and the Morning Air add a Zest to it, which the most delicate Viands, served up in State, often fail to excite.

Upon

Upon the first Appearance of such a Number of fine Gentlemen, the Landlord, sensible of the attractive Power of his Daughter's Charms, (who was the Object to which the *Devoirs* of all the young Rustics, far and near, were directed,) and jealous of the Honour of his Family, ordered her to retire to her Chamber, that she might not be subject to their Gallantries.

Dolly reluctantly obeyed.—Being, however, no less sensible of the Power of her Charms than her Father, and somewhat less apprehensive of Danger from the Exposure of them, she crept softly to the Window, and got a Peep at the agreeable Fellows. Till by Degrees growing bolder, and unwilling that
that

that Beauty which she had so often heard praised by every youthful Customer, should bloom and fade, like the woodland Primrose, on its native Spot, she at length leaned out of the Window in the Position you see her, and in the Innocence of her Heart would probably have sported a Smile upon them,

Luckily the Hunters were too deeply engaged in Conversation upon the Business of the Day to enjoy the proffered Treat, before she was perceived by her Father, from below; who drove her by a Frown from her Station, and thereby probably prevented her innocent, from proving a *fatal* Curiosity. “Return
 “not again, sweet Maiden!—tempt
 “not the Eye of the Libertine; lest
 VOL. II. I “when

“ when May returns, and the softer
“ Passions are awakened by the mild
“ Influence of that love-inspiring Sea-
“ son, thou shouldst be tempted to stray
“ too far into the deep-embowered
“ Shades of that Wood, within whose
“ Verge thy Innocence has hitherto
“ found Security.”

An Alarm is now given, that the crafty Object of their Pursuit had been seen skulking towards his earthy Den.— In an Instant those who had dismounted regain their Seats, and away the whole Party scamper, each making the best of his Way, with renewed Vigour and exhilarated Spirits, after the Hounds.

The

toise, Justice sometimes creeps heavily on, her Approach is certain ; nor can the most crafty Expedients shield from her relentless Fangs.

It was written in the irreversible Book, that the Fox, whose Exploits and Destruction the Artist has made the Subject of his Pencil, should this Day receive the Reward due to his Crimes.—The mournful Bleatings of a Host of slaughtered Lambs ;—with the cackling Outcries of all the Partlets in the adjacent Villages, for their worried Chicken ;—found their Way to the Throne of Justice: These being seconded by a Confusion of Sounds, proceeding from the united Upbraidings of Cocks, Hens, Geese, Goslings, Turkeys, Ducks, and

and Ducklings, for the Loss of some Relation or other ; and further augmented by the Lamentations of all the Farmers' Wives, for the Havock made among their Poultry ;—such a Weight of Accusations was not to be withstood. The hoodwinked Lady had Recourse to her Ballance ; and throwing those into one of the Scales,—the other Scale, in which poor Reynard had nothing to place but the Plea of Necessity, (the Plea of every Depredator,) kicks the Skies, and a Decree was issued from the Tribunal that he should no longer live the Terror of the Neighbourhood.

He had no sooner therefore reached the Spot, as before related, where he hoped to find Repose after the Terrors he

had just undergone, than he hears at a Distance the Sound of Feet.—He lays his Ear to the Ground, and is confirmed in his Apprehensions.—At the same Time, the scented Gale announces the Approach of Hounds thirsting for his Blood.—Terrified and dismayed, he brushes through the first Avenue, without knowing whither to betake himself. Through many a Dell, and Brake, and Copse, he passes, making Use of his wonted Stratagems as he went on; till at length he finds himself on the Verge of an extensive Plain.

In the mean Time, the well-scented Pack having touched upon the Trail, scour away, leaving the very Winds behind them.—How exquisite the Harmony

mony that enfues!—Not “the gallant
 “chiding, made by the Hounds of
 “*Sparta*, when *Hercules* and *Cadmus*
 “hunted in the *Cretan Woods*,” as
 described by *Shakespear*, could exceed
 it.—“Besides the Groves, the Skies,
 “the Fountains, every Region near,
 “seemed all one mutual Cry.—Ear
 “never heard so musical a Discord,
 “such sweet Thunder!”

Universal Joy succeeds.—The Horses,
 impatient of the Curb, will not be kept
 in.—All are on the Wing.—Till after
 many a momentary Fault, occasioned
 by Reynard’s Wiles, they reach the
 Plain, to which, no longer secure in the
 Covert, he had betaken himself.

The Dogs now come in View.—
Tally-ho re-echoes from every Mouth;
and Pleasure gladdens every Face.—
Away sweeps the Fox over the level
Turf.—The old Hounds now take the
Lead, and gain upon him.—With what
Spirit do the Hunters pursue.—Their
Steeds seem to have acquired fresh
Vigour.—Nor Hedge nor Ditch, nor
Brake nor Brook, can obstruct their
Course.—So intent on the glorious Sight
does one of the Sportsmen appear to be,
that even a falling Companion, and his
floundering Horse, cannot retard his
flying Leap, or make him attentive to
the Consequences of it.

The noble Proprietor of the Chace,
gently staying his Courser on the Brow
of

of the Hill, surveys from thence, with inexpressible Delight, a Scene which exceeds, in his Opinion, the grandest that Nature or Art can produce.

P L A T E I V .

THE DEATH OF THE FOX.

Reynard's Strength now begins to fail him.—He is intimidated by the Number of his blood-thirsty Pursuers, who yelp close at his Heels.—Overwhelmed with Terror, and parched with Thirst, his Respiration grows shorter and shorter; his Tongue hangs from his Mouth; and his Brush sweeps the Ground.

But even in this trying Moment, when the boasted Reason of Man would fail

I 5

him,

him, the Sagacity of this considerate Animal exerts itself for his Preservation.—He makes another Push to gain the Covert, from which alone he can hope for Security.—His Efforts, alas! are ineffectual.—His utmost Speed will not avail.—Before he is able to reach it, he is furrounded and torn down.—The Cries of the Hounds, and the Shouts of the Huntsmen, now seem to him to die away in confused Murmurs.—Every Object swims before his Sight.—He breathes his last.

Those who have been so fortunate as to be in at the Death, enjoy the glorious Triumph.—Exultation dwells on every Face.—The Heart of *Achilles*, while he dragged the Body of *Hector*
round

round the Walls of *Troy*;—of *Alexander*, after he had passed the *Granicus*;—or of *Cæsar* when he had obtained the further Bank of the *Rubicon*;—could not be more elated than are the Hearts of all those who behold the Fall of poor Reynard.

The Horns in triumphant Notes proclaim the joyful Tidings.—The Brush is severed from the Body to decorate the Cap of the fortunate Sportsman who happens to be first in at the Death; and is esteemed of more Value than the laurel Wreath which entwined the Brows of the Conqueror of the World. The Pate and the Pads are appropriated to adorn the Walls of the Stable-Yard, as an Addition to the Trophies which

already hang there as Testimonies of the Success of the Pack.

Thus dies, in Conformity to the Decrees of Justice, the Arch-Traytor, who had long been a Terror to the Inhabitants of all the Villages in the Neighbourhood of his Retreat.

PLATE V.

THE DINNER.

The Company have now reached the Mansion of *Lord Tantivy*.—And while the Dogs, returned to their Kennel, and the Steeds, to their Stalls, receive the merited Reward of their Exertions, the Sportsmen sit down to a Repast be-
fitting

fitting the well-known Hospitality of his Lordship.

The enviable Keenneſs of their Appetite, excited by the fresh Air and Exercise, precludes for a while every Subject that does not contribute to the Allay of their Hunger.—Even that, which, till the Moment of their ſitting down to the Table, had engroſſed every Idea, and could alone be ſuppreſſed by the inſuppreſſible Calls of Nature, finds Vent only in broken Sentences or exulting Exclamations, till the firſt Courſe is removed.

The Converſation then grows more extended.—Particular Circumſtances relative to the Chace are recounted during
the

the Exchange of a Plate, or the Interval of an *Hob or Nob*.—They are, however, stilled by the Intervention of the Wing of a Wild Duck, or of a Tart, Custard, or Whip Syllabub. So that it is not till the Dinner is entirely ended, and the Bottles, Bowls, and Glasses are placed on the Table, that the favourite Topic is freely discussed.

Now, every minute Incident is told and re-told.—One boasts that his Horse had cleared a Gate of unusual Height with more Ease than the common Run of Hunters would have gone over a Stile.—Another had taken a flying Leap over a Rivulet of greater Extent than ever was cleared before.—A third had left the whole Field behind him.—Nor
are

are the Exploits of the Fox left uncelebrated ; his Speed, his Evasions, and his Artifices, are described in glowing Colours.

In this Manner they proceed, till growing warm with the animating Subject, each bores the other with his Tale;—and at length a Kind of *Babellian* Confusion takes Place ; in which there is no Intermission, except when the noble Chairman vociferates, “ Where stands the Toast, Gentlemen ? ”

The circling Glass had gone round so often, that it had produced an Elevation of Spirits rather exceeding the Bounds of Temperance, at the Moment the vivifying Pencil of the Artist introduces

duces this joyous Assembly to the Notice of the Public, in the Plate referred to.

All the Toasts usually drank at a Meeting of Fox-Hunters had been given;—it remained only to repeat that which the highest Exhilaration of Spirits could alone do Justice to.—The Brush of the Animal who had furnished out the Sport of the Day, is accordingly again displayed.—An extreme of Joy, (as we see in the pictured Representation) now takes Place.—My Lord exalts the appropriated Goblet, in which the brushy Trophy of their Success waves.—Every Glass, charged to the Brim, is held up as high as the Arm will extend.—And the Toast, “ Success to Fox-Hunting,”

is given, amidst a triple Peal of Shouts and Acclamations, which reverberate from every neighbouring Wood and Hill.—Not an Oblation made by the Priests of the Jolly God could be performed with more Ceremony, or inspire greater Satisfaction.

Among the Groupe we see some who enter, in a distinguished Manner, into the Jollity of the Occasion. The reverend Dean, true to the Rubric, has done so much Honour to his Patron and to the Sport, that he is unable to raise himself from his Seat, during the Elevation of the Brush, though the Etiquette requires that all shall stand.—His Acclamations, however, are not less fervent, nor his Shouts less vociferous,
than

than those of the rest of the Company.

Another, overfet by the Potency of the Punch, lies sprawling on the Ground; but notwithstanding his prostrate Position, he takes Care to reserve enough of the potent Mixture in his Glas, to do Justice to the Toast, and to demonstrate his Zeal for the Cause.

An indefcribable Scene of Riot, Noise, and Confusion, from this Time, takes Place, which Midnight scarcely puts a Stop to.—The jolliest Sportsmen, however, as well as the *dearest Friends*, must part.—Some mount their Horses, and trusting more to the Sagacity of their Beasts, than to their own Steerage,
find

find their Way home in spite of Darkneſs or Intricacy : While ſuch as chuſe to ſtay, meet with a cordial Welcome from the noble Proprietor of the Manſion.

From the Representation of the Artiſt, ſuch are the varied Pleaſures of a Day ſpent in Fox-HUNTING.—To depiſture them in their true Colours lies not within the Reach of the Art.—For, as “ there is a Pleaſure in being mad,” (if we believe the Poet,) “ which Mad-“ men only know,” ſo it is not in the Power even of the ſpirited Pencil of a *Rowlandſon* to convey a full Idea of the exquisite Enjoyment, a real *Amateur* of the Sport experiences when the foregoing Scenes are realized.

NUMBER XXI.

M I S E R Y.

By B U N B U R Y.

If ever pictur'd Tale of fancied Woe
 Drew from the love-lorn Maid a pitying Tear,
 Here doubly pungent will the Chrystal flow,
 The Sigh be doubly sad that rises here.

A. B.

TO represent in kindred Language
 the Variety of Woe expressed in
 the Piece before us, would require the
 Pen of *Sterne*.—The same Muse, who
 inspired the glowing Emanations of
 Benevolence,

Benevolence, so feelingly described by that pathetic Writer, as actuating the Heart of *Mr. Toby Shandy*, when called forth by the Illness and Death of *Le Fevre*;—the same Muse, whose Illuminations enabled him so truly to depicture the soft Susceptibility excited in the Bosom of *Yorick* by the mental Wanderings, and sweet wild Notes, of the love-lorn *Maria*;—could alone do Justice to the Scene before us, or convey the full Conceptions of the ingenious Artist.

What striking and varied Traits of MISERY do we behold!—*Adversity* has entered the ill-fated Mansion, and with her ruthless Fangs torn down every Comfort!—*Poverty* ravages, untrouled, the desolate Dwelling!—*Famine*
has

has taken up her Abode in it!—And *Hope* having left it in Dismay, *Dejection*, in her Stead, overspreads every Countenance.

Forlorn and disconsolate sits the once-happy Master of it.—Till within a few Years, Fortune had smiled upon him.—Heaven had blessed him with a numerous Progeny, and enabled him, by an honest Industry, to maintain them with Decency.—But who knows not how unstable the Smiles of Fortune are!—Scanty Crops, the Loss of Cattle, and the Perfidy of a Friend, for whom he had imprudently entered into pecuniary Obligations, brought on by Degrees the present sad Reverse.

Among

Among the Sons and Daughters, who, during his happier Days, with ruddy Looks and chearful Hearts graced his Board, two lovely Daughters shone conspicuous. How often, with ineffable Delight, has the fond Father contemplated their growing Charms!—How often has he enjoyed the ideal Pleasure of seeing them elevated, through that Beauty, to Ease and Affluence; the foolish Expectation of too many fond Fathers!—Short-sighted Mortal! little didst thou then think, that what thou prided thyself in, would become a Source of inexpressible Anguish to thee.

A far different Scene, alas! now presents itself.—Distress weighs him down.—Domestic Ills press upon him.—Hunger gnaws,—

gnaws.—The coming Winter, without one chearing Requisite to guard against its pitiless Peltings, excites apprehensive Alarms.—His Babes must be fed.

What is to be done !—No Resource presents itself, but the proffered Purchase of his Daughters' Virtue.—Rendered callous by the Buffetings of Fortune, his Heart is no longer susceptible of the Incitements of Honour.—Shame and Disgrace have lost their Terror.—To such an Extreme of Insensibility and Languor is he reduced, that the livid Hue, brought on by repeated Fastings, will not permit the conscious Blush to tinge his Cheek.

In

In vain, with uplifted Hands, does his eldest Daughter supplicate his Protection from the offered Insult.—“ Oh my Father,” she *seems to say*, “ preserve
 “ my Honour ;—that Honour you have,
 “ till now, taught me to value more
 “ than Life.—Gladly would I lay down
 “ that Life for your Relief,—but oh
 “ spare——” She can no more.—Her Agony breaks off the fervent Implo-
 ration.

Equally fruitless are the expressive Tears of the younger Daughter.—Pressed forward towards the Purchaser of her Honour by her Mother, whose Looks betray Extreme of Wretchedness, she hangs her Head in silent Sorrow, and reluctantly obeys the hated Mandate.

The unfeeling Sportsmen, whom pamper'd Ease has rendered susceptible only of the Calls of Passion, stand ready to profit by the Distresses of this deeply distressed Family.—The Father's averted Face, the Mother's held out Hand, sealing, as it were, the Contract, they advance to receive the devoted Victims.—Honour, Virtue, Chastity, withdraw abashed, and hide their Heads.—Will not those bright Cherubs, whose Task it is to minister to Mortals, and in such trying Hours support, avert the threatened Evil?—Can Heaven behold, and not relieve?—It can, it does!—Though ever just—"the Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate.—Our Understanding traces them in vain."

NUMBER

NUMBER XXII.

A LONG STORY.

By BUNBURY.

Whilst *Cassius* talks of Marches, Sieges, Fights,
The tedious Tale the drowsy Yawn excites ;
Yet still he prates of Battles, Blood, and Wounds,
Though yaw, yaw, yaw, though all the Room
resounds.

A. B.

IT is told of a Person of some Eminence in the last Century, that having picked up a Story, which happened to please his Fancy, relative to a Gun,

in whatever Company he chanced to be, he was sure to entertain them with it, as often as an Opportunity offered. Nor was he always contented to wait for a Time when it might be introduced with Propriety ; but the Moment a Word was mentioned that had the most distant Relation to a Gun, he was sure to lug in his favourite Story : For Instance ; if ever the Words Flint, Steele, Pan, Rod, or even Wood, happened to drop in Conversation, he immediately obtruded, with, “ Now you talk of Wood, I will “ tell you a Story of a Gun.”—And in this Manner he went on, till he had thoroughly fatiated all his Acquaintance with his Story.

A Character

A Character, not dissimilar, is Colonel *Cassius*, of his Majesty's ——— Regiment of Foot. The Colonel has seen much Service. He commanded a Company in *Germany* during the successful War of 1756 ; was in most of the Actions which took Place there ; and, to do him Justice, behaved gallantly. Having a retentive Memory, he was able to recollect most of the Events of the different Campaigns, particularly of the Actions in which he had been engaged ; and being of a communicative Disposition, he took a Pleasure in making them known to his Friends.

But as the most laudable Propensities, by being exerted beyond the Bounds prescribed by Reason, become cen-
 K 3 furable ;

furable; so the Colonel's agreeable Communicativeness, by too great Indulgence, degenerated into the Loquacity of the most loquacious old Woman; till, at length, instead of being entertaining, he proved tiresome. Like the Teller of the Story of the Gun, no sooner did he hear the Words March, Camp, Bastion, Counterscarpe, &c. &c. or even Town, Field, Wall, Service, mentioned, than he began the History of some one of the Actions or Sieges in which he had been concerned; and sometimes, unfortunately for his Hearers, of a whole Campaign. In this Case, as his Rank and Character entitled him to Respect, all his Audience had to do, was, to arm themselves with Patience, and hear him out.

To

To the Officers of his Regiment he had often exhausted his Budget ; at first to their great Instruction and Amusement ; till the too frequent Repetition even of the most entertaining and instructive of his Stories, rendered them disgustful. So that they dreaded the Time when a March, a Review, or any particular Occasion, brought him among them. Happy then were they whose Quarters were the farthest from his. One Advantage indeed, generally, attended the being with him, and proved in some Measure, particularly to the Subalterns, a Compensation for the Restlessness and Impatience his long Stories excited ; and this was, that, being of a liberal Turn, and possessed of an ample

Fortune, he would suffer no Person to pay, at any of the Inns or Hotels, who did him the Favour to hear his Story.

The Evening on which the Scene represented took Place, the Colonel was returning from an Excursion he had made into the North ; and had accidentally fallen in with a Party, with whom he had some Intimacy, but who were not well enough acquainted with him to know his Foible, and of course to decline his Company. As these Gentlemen were returning to Town from a similar Excursion, they esteemed themselves honoured by his Offer of joining them.

We accordingly see them at an Inn on the Road, where the ingenious Artist
has

has exhibited their different Characters with infinite Humour and Judgment. The Cloth had been removed, and the Glass was chearfully circulating, when unluckily one of the Colonel's Catch-Words dropping, he ordered his Servant to bring him a Plan of a Town in *Germany*, at the Siege of which he had behaved with conspicuous Bravery. The Colonel never went abroad without several of these Plans, that he might always have one ready to illustrate his Narrative. As soon as he received that which he wanted, he began a circumstantial Account of every Transaction which attended the Investment.

Conviviality immediately grew dumb;
and every Ear, through Respect to the
K 5 Narrator,

Narrator, was open to his Story. But being at length tired with a Repetition of the Terms,—Approaches, Lines, Parallels, Fossés, Bastions, Demi-Bastions, Ravelins, Half-Moons, Counter-scarps, Covered-Ways, Mines, &c. &c. and observing the Colonel, as he proceeded, to grow more and more animated, so that there appeared to be very little Prospect of his concluding, the Patience of the whole Company became exhausted.

At that Juncture, *Morpheus* invisibly entered the Room, with a large Bunch of Poppies in his Hand, and hovering over the wearied Hearers of the Colonel's prolix Tale, shook from the Flowers a Cloud of narcotic Particles, which
2 impreg-

impregnating the Air, inspired them with an irresistable Inclination to retire to Rest. A sympathetic Yawning ensued ; and not a Man among them was able to withstand the sleep-begetting Effluvia, except the Colonel, who, when thus employed, always defied the utmost Power of the God. However, observing his Audience to rise, one after another, in order to withdraw, he found himself obliged to break off his Narration, but not till he had exacted a Promise from them of hearing the Remainder the succeeding Evening.

This they all promised to do, without any Intention of performing that Promise. The Specimen of Garrulity their Companion had already exhibited, ma-

king them dread a Repetition of it, they resolved, though at the Expence of their Complaisance, as well as the Forfeiture of their Honour, to avoid it. Accordingly, the next Day, under Pretexths of recollected Engagements, (having fixed on a Rendezvous for meeting again) they one after another left the talkative Colonel to pursue his Journey alone.

The Power of the Poppy-crowned God is expreffively depicted in the Piece referred to. The Drowfiness excited by the Colonel's Story, spreads to the Attendants.—The Lad who comes to take off their Boots, catches the Infection.—Wearied with the Labours of the Day, the Yawns of the Company increase his Longings to retire to his Truckle-

Truckle-Bed ;—on which, though situated in a dirty Room ; perhaps in a Nook of one, where the clownish Hoof is continually passing and repassing ;—though the Furniture consists only of an old Corn-Chest, covered with uncleaned Boots, worn-out Slippers, Brushes, Blacking, and Oil whose Smell does not diffuse one Particle of the Sleep-begetting Effluvium of the Poppy ;—he enjoys as sweet Repose as the Sea-Boy, whose Slumbers on the Top-mast, amidst the rolling Billows, could attract the Envy of a sleepless King.

With what a fretful Fervour, (so sings the *Avonian* Bard,) does the restless *Henry* compare his Situation with that of the meanest of his Subjects ; and, knowing

knowing that all the Pomp and Pageantry of Kings are of little Worth, without the regular Refreshments of Sleep, acknowledge the Balance to be against the Monarch !

“ Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy
Repose

“ To the wet Sea-Boy in an Hour so rude ?

“ And, in the calmest and the stillest Night,

“ With all Appliances and Means to boot,

“ Deny it to a King ?—Then happy Low !
lie down ;

“ Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.”

With a Fervour no less flattering and grateful to *Morpheus*, into the Portico of whose Temple the Artist, by the magic Strokes of his Pencil seems to
have

have conveyed us, does honest *Sancho* (so writes that first of witty Writers, *Cervantes*,) break out in Praise of Sleep, after he has just been paying his hearty Devoirs to the invigorating God :—
 “ Heaven bless the Man,” exclaims the yawning ’Squire, “ who first in-
 “ vented this same Sleep!—It covers
 “ one all over like a Cloak!—I may
 “ call it the Food that dispels Hunger;
 “ the Drink that quenches Thirst; the
 “ Fire that warms the Cold; and the
 “ Breeze that moderates Heat.—In
 “ short, it is the Coin that purchases
 “ every needful.—While wrapped in the
 “ comfortable Covering, we are troubled
 “ neither with Fear nor Hope, nor Toil,
 “ nor Glory.—The Clown then is equal
 “ with

“ with the King ; the Simple with the
 “ Sage. And the only Thing that can
 “ be said against it,” concludes the
 timid Attendant on the valiant Knight
 of *La Mancha*, “ is, that it too much
 “ resembles Death ; as, for the Time,
 “ there is no Difference between a
 “ sleeping Man and a dead Corpse.”



NUMBER XXIII.

THE
LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL.

By S M I R K E.

How short the boasted Sight of Man !
How unassur'd the *distant* Plan !
Does it on Seas and Winds depend ?
The Seas and Winds may not befriend ;
Each squally Gale, each swelling Wave,
May be of ev'ry Hope the Grave.
Let not the *far-off* Joy elate ;
Go on—and leave the rest to Fate.

A. B.

THE new-born * Year had no
sooner unfolded its orient Gates,
than

* The *Halsewell* East-Indiaman sailed through
the *Downs* on *Sunday, January 1, 1786* ; and after
beating

than *Æolus* with all his blustering Attendants rushed forth.—*Boreas*, clad in a Vest of Snow, whiter than the Ermine's Back, and sparkling like the dewy Incrustations

beating about in the *British* Channel for several Days, and being dismasted by the most violent Snow-Storm, perhaps ever known, was wrecked on the *Friday* following, about 'Two o'Clock in the Morning, on the Rocks of *Purbeck*, near the Isle of *Portland*; when all on Board were lost, except 18 Officers, 30 Seaman, and 26 Soldiers. Among the former, were Captain *Pierce*, one of the oldest Commanders in the Company's Service; two of his Daughters, Miss *Eliza* and Miss *Mary-Ann Pierce*; his two Nieces, Miss *Ann* and Miss *Mary Paul*; and three other beautiful young Ladies, whose Names were Miss *Mary Hoggard*, Miss *Elizabeth Blackburn*, and Miss *Ann Mansell*. One hundred and seventy Men were supposed to have gained the Rock before the Ship went down; but from the Darknes of the Morning, and surging of the Sea, upwards of One hundred were dashed to Pieces or drowned.

crustations which bespread the leafless Trees in *December*, his Brows bound with a Chaplet of Icicles, took the Lead; and soon raised such a Din, that *Neptune* in Dismay retired to the inmost Recesses of a coral Grove, and unable to repel the fierce Assailants, left, for a Time, his Empire over the northern Seas to their Sway.

The Tempest now rages uncontrolled;—the Winds roar;—the Waves rear their foaming Billows to the Clouds;—the Clouds, in Return, open their humid Chambers, and pour down a flaky Torrent that is not to be withstood;—the battled Sea-Mark rocks;—all Nature seems convulsed.

In

In such a tempestuous Season did one of those stately Vessels which visit the Coasts of *Golconda*, take her Departure for that distant Clime, as the Year 1786 commenced its Revolution.—She had lately left the crowded Shores of the *Thames*, gallant and trim.—Her Streamers proudly waved.—The Crew had wiped away the Tear that bid adieu to parting Friends ; and now, elate, anticipate the Success which was to repay their Toils.—The Treasures of the East presented themselves to the pleased Imagination ; and every Idea was banished but that which depicted a prosperous Voyage, and a happy Return.

The worthy Commander, who had long ploughed the Deep in the Service
of

of that Company, whose Commerce and territorial Possessions enable them to vie with Monarchs, lulled into Security by the many fortunate Voyages he had made, indulged not an Apprehension. On the contrary, he gave way to the most sanguine Excitations.—
 “ But this one Voyage,” cried he, “ and
 “ I will then enjoy that Repose which
 “ such a Series of Care, Anxiety, and
 “ Fatigue demand. Returned to my
 “ native Country, I will seek in Retirement that Quiet, which has been
 “ my ultimate View through these Toils.
 “ Happy in my domestic Connections,
 “ my Hours will then glide gently on,
 “ till I cast Anchor in that peaceful
 “ Haven, where no Storms molest.”

Then

Then turning to his Daughters, and a Groupe of young Ladies, all blooming as the budding Rose, who were going under his Protection to enliven with their Beauty the sun-burnt Climes of *India*;—"A few Months, my dear "Girls," said he, "will complete our "Voyage.—The Wind sits fair, and "gives an Earnest of its future Compliance with our Wishes.—We shall "soon reach the Shores of *Asia*, where "your Hands will be sought, to give "a Zest to the highest Appointments.— "The gaudy Palanquin shall convey "you from Place to Place; and every "Pleasure shall be yours that eastern "Magnificence can bestow."

A Smile

A Smile of Satisfaction diffuses itself over every lovely Countenance;—their Hearts palpitate at this Recital of their expected Grandeur;—and all the apprehended Dangers and Inconveniences of the Voyage lose their Terrors.

In this serene State did the fair Voyagers continue, till the Ship had passed through the *Downs*, and reached the Channel. The sportive Winds had hitherto wantoned in her Sails; and, as if under the Controul of *Hymen*, had wafted the adventurous Damsels with a Speed equal to their Wishes.

On a sudden, less propitious Deities assume the Sway.—The Winds become adverse.—

adverse.—The Sky lowers.—The Snow falls in such Torrents as to exclude all Light but what is reflected from its own lucid Flakes.—The Tempest rages with increasing Violence.—Buffeted by the foaming Billows, the Ship yields to their irresistible Force, and for four long wearisome Days, is driven wherever they impel.—Vain are the Exertions of the most able and experienced Mariners.—The Masts go by the Board.—All is Confusion and Dismay.

The Coast of *Britain* is at length regained ;—but, alas, not with that Gladness Expectation fashioned.—Tremendous Cliffs, and those not to be avoided, present themselves.—The last Resource fails ;—the Anchors drag ;—
and

and in the darkest Hour of the darkest Night, that Ship, which a few Days before so proudly braved the coming Storm, dashes on the prominent Rocks.

A Scene beyond the Reach of Language to describe, ensues.—All Subordination is at an End.—The Crew, anxious only for their own Preservation, spring on the Rock to avoid that Destruction which inevitably awaits them on Board.—But a Death, no less dreadful, attends the greatest Part of them there.—Some are instantly swept from their unsheltered Asylum by the foaming Surge.—Others, having nearly gained the Summit of the Cliff by the Aid of the neighbouring Peasants, feeble and enervated through Fatigue, loose

their Hold, and are dashed to Pieces.—While most of those who are so fortunate as to escape with Life, purchase that Happiness at the Expence of Bruises, Wounds, or broken Limbs.

The few who are left on Board find but a momentary Delay to their Dissolution.—And that momentous Moment has the Artist chosen to give us a natural and affecting View of the Situation they may be supposed to be in.—The Distraction expressed in the Countenance and Attitude of Captain *Pierce* is that by which he must have been actuated, on hearing it was impossible to save any of the fair Companions of his Voyage, who cling round him, and look up to him for Succour.

Nobly disdaining to pay Attention to his own Safety, while those he holds dear are on the Point of perishing, he clasps his Daughters to his Bosom and thus tenderly cries, "Yes, my dear Children, your Fate shall be mine; the same Wave that ingulphs you, shall be my Grave."—"Such also," exclaims the second * in Command, "be my Lot; never shall it be said that I forsook such dear Relatives, in an Hour so full of Horror."

L 2

What

* The Chief Mate said, in the fatal Moment when the Second Mate was quitting the Ship, that he would die with his Uncle, the Captain, and his Cousins, the Miss *Pierces*; for were he to leave such dear Relatives behind him, he could only expect the worst of Deaths, to be discarded for ever from the Service.

See Account of the Loss of the Halserwell.

What an Hour, indeed, for a lovely Groupe of young blooming Maidens, delicately brought up, and unused to the Rigours of the Seasons or the Seas!—Sensibility shudders at the Reflection.—Their different Attitudes speak the different Effects of the Scene on their Minds.—Some are overwhelmed with the congregated Evils of the Night, and happily become insensible to the approaching *Denoûement*;—others look up to the Captain for that Protection it is not in his Power to afford; and though bereft of every Hope, reluctantly listen to the Whispers of Despair.—And on the back Ground, we see a Trait of connubial and parental Affection, which, through

through the Skill of the Artist, does not less affect the susceptible Heart.

A Shade of Horror and Dismay, befitting the Occasion, is thrown over every Object.—We see that in a Moment more, the Persons in whose Fate we are so much interested, will reach the Confines of that Country, “from whose Bourne no Traveller returns.”—So it is.—That depressive Wave is not to be withstood;—absorpt in the briny Vortex,—they sink,—to rise no more.

An Event which occasioned the untimely Dissolution of so much Beauty

and Worth, and was attended with so many affecting Circumstances, claims the recording Strokes of the Pencil and the Pen.—A compassionate Tear is due to the melancholy Representation; and we cannot help bewailing, with a Sigh, the unfortunate Sufferers.

Yet let not these Accidents, however pathetically represented by the Pencil or the Pen, dismay!—In such an extensive Commerce as *Britain* boasts, they will unavoidably happen, now and then;—but as *Britain* owes her present unrivalled Greatness to that extensive Commerce, their depressive Effects on the Mind, it is to be hoped, will no longer last, than to bestow the just Tribute of Sensibility; without suffering such unfrequent

frequent Instances of Misfortune to incite needless Apprehensions of Danger, even when about to undertake the longest Voyages, should our Concernments render them necessary.



NUMBER XXIV.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

By *STOTHARD*.

As Love alone can exquisitely bless,
 Love only knows the marvellous of Pain ;
 Opens new Veins of Torture in the Soul,
 And wakes the Nerve where Agonies are born.
Young.

FORLORN fits the Damsel.—A
 long-drawn Sigh, breathed forth
 from the inmost Recesses of the Heart,
 bursts from her Lips.—Another soon
 succeeds ;—and then another.—The
 pearly

pearly Drops bedew her lovely Cheeks,
 following each other in quick Succession.—Sure never love-lorn Maiden experienced such a Torrent of Woe.—Why, cruel Destroyer of the Peace of Mortals, dost thou take Delight in thus embittering the Moments of the sweetest of her Sex?—Her Constancy and Tenderness deserve far other Treatment from the God of Love!—Why is Disappointment,—reiterated Disappointment,—and Despair, the Lot of her, who was formed to *receive* and to *bestow* Happiness; like the sweet Violet, which, while it steals its Odours from the passing Zephyr, breathes them throughout the sequestered Glade?—Cruel God! may thy Arrows henceforth

fall blunted from the Heart thou meanest to wound ;—and that Power over Gods and Men, which has hitherto been thy Boast, from henceforth be diminished.

The Ship, on board of which the Love of *Sweet Poll of Plymouth* had sailed, was arrived.—The welcome Tidings reached her Ears, and she hastened to the Strand, with all the impatient Flutterings of true Love.—Expectation was now on the Wing.—She pressed her faithful *William*, in Imagination, to her fond Bosom ;—repeated to herself the kindest Welcome ; and thought to have rewarded all his Toils with Tenderness. But, alas, the Fates had otherwise decreed.—His Bosom was never more to know the endearing Pressures of his *Poll* ;—

Poll ;—her Words of Welcome were lost in empty Air ;—and the Reward of Fondness she had treasured up for him, was not to be bestowed.—She saw her *Will* no more.

The Morning that had torn her *William* from her, had seen her united to him by the most sacred Ties.—A distant Voyage called him away.—The fatal Moment was not to be postponed.—The Fear of her being another's, distracting Thought ! had made him solicit this Mode of securing her to himself.—To annihilate the faintest Suspicion of her Truth, the fair Maiden consented.—But hadst thou known, young Tar, the boundless Affection for thee with which her Heart was stored, thou wouldst have

fall blunted from the Heart thou meanest to wound ;—and that Power over Gods and Men, which has hitherto been thy Boast, from henceforth be diminished.

The Ship, on board of which the Love of *Sweet Poll of Plymouth* had failed, was arrived.—The welcome Tidings reached her Ears, and she hastened to the Strand, with all the impatient Flutterings of true Love.—Expectation was now on the Wing.—She pressed her faithful *William*, in Imagination, to her fond Bosom ;—repeated to herself the kindest Welcome ; and thought to have rewarded all his Toils with Tenderness. But, alas, the Fates had otherwise decreed.—His Bosom was never more to know the endearing Pressures of his *Poll* ;—

Poll;—her Words of Welcome were lost in empty Air;—and the Reward of Fondness she had treasured up for him, was not to be bestowed.—She saw her *Will* no more.

The Morning that had torn her *William* from her, had seen her united to him by the most sacred Ties.—A distant Voyage called him away.—The fatal Moment was not to be postponed.—The Fear of her being another's, distracting Thought! had made him solicit this Mode of securing her to himself.—To annihilate the faintest Suspicion of her Truth, the fair Maiden consented.—But hadst thou known, young Tar, the boundless Affection for thee with which her Heart was stored, thou wouldst have

asked no other Voucher for her Fidelity.

The Hour of Departure arrived.—The Boatswain's Whistle called him away.—They took a hasty Farewell, and tore themselves from each others Arms.—It is not in the Power of Words to describe their Agitations ;—" Adown *her*
" Cheek rained many a Tear ;—*His*
" Heart was fraught with Woe."

The Sun had thrice compleated his annual Course, and in that Period had *William*, likewise encircled the Globe.—The white Cliffs of *Albion* again greeted his Sight.—That Anxiety to re-visit his native Country, which had alone embittered his Hours of Absence, was on
4 the

the Point of being gratified.—Every tender Wish was afloat.—He already seemed to clasp his lovely Bride in his Arms.—

When, dire to relate ! the Flames of Discord having been lighted up since his Departure, a Ship of War appears in View ;—its Boat is put off ; the Crew ascend the Deck ;—and *William's* Youth and Activity make him the first Victim to their unfeeling Gripe.—In vain did he solicit Leave to go, if but once, ashore. He pleaded the Length of the Voyage he had been engaged ;—the Tedioufness of Absence ;—his Impatience to see a Wife, young and beautiful, from whose Arms he had been torn, while yet his Joys were in the Bud.—

Bud.—He pleaded, alas ! in vain.—A Tiger growling over the Lamb he had just seized, would as soon have listened to its plaintive Bleatings.—He is hurried on board the Ship of War, which he finds to be bound to a distant Clime.

This fresh and unexpected Trial of his Patience was not to be borne.—Though he had often braved Death and Danger, undismayed, the fatal Chill he now received to his Hopes, just as they were on the Point of blooming, was too much for him to bear. His manly Heart was rent with extreme of Woe, and he dissolved into Tears.

The

The Ship in which *William* had sailed from *England* reached *Plymouth*; but bereft of the only Person whose Presence could have made its Arrival acceptable to *William's* Wife.—She had gained the Strand, full of pleasing Expectations.—Her eager Eye had sought the Deck, in hopes of seeing her long-lost Husband busied there.—But no Husband appeared.—She perceived that a Gloom overspreads the Brows of his Messmates.—Her susceptible Heart catches the Alarm.—“ My *William*,” she cries, “ is no more !” —The fatal Tidings are imparted to her.—She stands for a Moment transfixed with Woe.—Then sighing out, in Notes “ most
 “ musical, most melancholy,” —“ And
 “ have

“ have they torn my Love away ?” she turned ; and retiring, with slow and solemn Steps, her Head drooping like a Lily furcharged with Rain, to the Rock on which the Artist has represented her, she there found some Relief from the Sighs and Tears she vented.

The Relief she received from this Burst of Grief was however but momentary.—Her delicate Frame was unable to bear the Perturbations of her Mind.—The Wound so unexpected an Event had made in her Heart, was not to be healed.—“ She pined in Thought ;” and ere the Moon had thrice waned, her Neighbours saw her borne to her Grave by six Virgins, clad in Vestments

ments emblematical of the Truth and Purity of her Love.

Thus fell a Prey to the Pangs excited by the Absence of all she held dear, *Sweet Poll of Plymouth*; whose premature Death is still spoken of with Regret by the Inhabitants of that Town, and has furnished a Subject for a sweetly plaintive Song, which never fails of exciting a Sigh from every susceptible Heart;—and from every benevolent Mind an added Execration at the *inhuman* Custom that had occasioned such a Scene of Woe.

NUMBER XXV.

*An ANGEL conveying the SPIRIT of a
CHILD to PARADISE; and its
Companion, — The SPIRIT of the
CHILD entered into the PRESENCE
of the ALMIGHTY.*

By the Rev. Mr. PETERS.

Around th' eternal Throne, to Guilt's pale Eye
Tremendous Thunders roll, and Lightnings fly;
To Innocence how vary'd are the Streams?
A gentle Radiance, and reviving Beams.

A. B.

THE Pictures referred to exhibit a
striking Instance how readily *true*
Genius can adapt its Powers to even
opposite

opposite Subjects, when a Change of Character, or the varying Circumstances of Life, require. The Pencil which whilome was employed in the Service of *Cytherea*, we now see devoted to more sacred Purposes.—The Conception that could fancy, and the Hand that could fashion, with a Luxuriance of Imagination seldom exceeded, the wanton Nymph, reclining in Attitudes most excitiv of Desire; (a more sacred Character assumed) now represent, in a Stile equally luxuriant, angelic Forms, of greater Purity;—and, instead of the unhallowed Flame excited by the Glances of the Votress of *Venus*, the real, heart-felt, permanent Joys that flow from a purer Source.

NUMBER XXV.

*An ANGEL conveying the SPIRIT of a
CHILD to PARADISE; and its
Companion, — The SPIRIT of the
CHILD entered into the PRESENCE
of the ALMIGHTY.*

By the Rev. Mr. PETERS.

Around th' eternal Throne, to Guilt's pale Eye
Tremendous Thunders roll, and Lightnings fly;
To Innocence how vary'd are the Streams?
A gentle Radiance, and reviving Beams.

A. B.

THE Pictures referred to exhibit a
striking Instance how readily *true*
Genius can adapt its Powers to even
opposite

opposite Subjects, when a Change of Character, or the varying Circumstances of Life, require. The Pencil which whilome was employed in the Service of *Cytherea*; we now see devoted to more sacred Purposes.—The Conception that could fancy, and the Hand that could fashion, with a Luxuriance of Imagination seldom exceeded, the wanton Nymph, reclining in Attitudes most excitve of Desire; (a more sacred Character assumed) now represent, in a Stile equally luxuriant, angelic Forms, of greater Purity;—and, instead of the unhallowed Flame excited by the Glances of the Votress of *Venus*, the real, heart-felt, permanent Joys that flow from a purer Source.

In the Scene before us, Heaven opens to our View!—Every sublime Idea is afloat!—The Imagination is transported into the ætherial Regions of Peace, of Joy, and Love.—While the Mind, delighted with the Prospect of that Happiness, which the Spirit of the Child, sweet Emblem of Innocence, is about to enjoy, wishes to be clad in the same snow-white Vestments, as these alone can procure Admission there; for *of such*, says One, on whose Lips Guile was never found, *is the Kingdom of God.*—The Spectator, unless his Heart be impregnable to the Incitations of Religion, and Virtue, turns from the expressive View amended.

What

What Beneficence beams from the Countenance of the Angel!—What placid Pleasure is pourtrayed on it! as if the heavenly Messenger found an Increase of Happiness from the Commission it is employed on.—The azure-tinctured Robe, enveloping, with inexpressible Grace, the finely modelled Form;—the auburn Ringlets flowing in a becoming Profusion;—the unlaboured Ascension, infinitely swifter than the most rapid Flights of the Dove; all correspond with the Ideas usually formed of these invisible Guardians of the human Race; and excite a Reverence bordering on Adoration.—And yet, although Charms of the most exquisite Kind pervade the whole ideal Figure, how totally devoid
are

are they of that fascinating Power annexed to the Loveliness of the less hallowed female Portraits produced by the same Pencil! One kindles in the Breast Sensations that torment;—the other is the Revelling of Reason; and inspires those, which, though rapturous, are pure.

Released during its infantine State, its Soul, and snow-white Robe, alike unspotted, the Spirit of the Child seems to exult in having escaped the Contaminations of the polluting Planet, within whose Sphere it had entered on its Existence.—It still retains the Form in which it had performed the short Part allotted it in the human Drama. Purified, however, from the drossy Particles

ticles of its mortal Mould, and properly
 refined, to partake of the Enjoyments
 of the ærial Habitation to which the
 Angel is conveying it.—“The corrup-
 “ tible has put on Incorruption, the
 “ mortal, Immortality.” — Perfumes
 seem to breathe around. — Ambrosial
 Feasts are preparing; and Myriads of
 celestial Beings stand ready, with their
 golden Lyres, to welcome the coming
 Visitant to his new Abode. — From
 henceforth every Tear will be wiped
 from the Eye, and every Pang be banished
 from the Heart; — from henceforth all
 will be Joy and Gladness. — Not tran-
 sitory, like the passant Gleams of Joy
 and Gladness that now and then illumine
 the dreary Vale of Life, but ever new; —

ever

ever satisfying ;—and such as shall never know Decrease.

In the second Plate we see the newly-arrived Guest, entering into the more immediate Presence of the Almighty. The Effulgence is too great to be borne, till Time has familiarized the Eye to it, even by Innocence itself ;—pure, unconscious, unabashed Innocence.—The pleasing gradual Change from the dull, clouded, tempestuous Atmosphere of the World, to the increasing Splendour of the brighter Abodes, has not sufficiently strengthened the visual Ray to encounter this extreme of Radiance, though tempered with ineffable Benignity.—The Eye is turned from it.—The Head submissively droops.

The

The mortal Eye too seeks Relief.—
 But faintly can the Pencil emblazon;—
 but feebly can the Pen describe;—but
 dimly can the Mind comprehend, this
 grandest and most awful of Scenes.—
 Dropped be the azure Curtain !

Let us return to the World ; and by
 a Life of Piety, Benevolence, and Use-
 fulness, as the Innocence of Childhood
 is not to be regained, endeavour to ob-
 tain the Favour of that Being, into
 whose Presence the Imagination has been
 just conveyed by the ingenious Artist;—
 of that Being, who is merciful as well
 as just ;—* “ who marks every Aspi-
 “ ration after a better State ;—hears the

VOL. II.

M

“ Prayer

* Dr. JOHNSON.

“ Prayer which the Voice cannot utter ;
“ —records the Purpose that perished
“ without Opportunity of Action, and
“ the Wish that vanished away without
“ Attainment ;—and in whose Estima-
“ tion, a Cup of Water given for the
“ Relief of a poor Brother ;—a Prayer
“ uttered for Mercy to those we want
“ Power to relieve ;—a Word of In-
“ struction to Ignorance ;—or a Smile
“ of Comfort to Misery ;—will be
“ rated higher, than all those Accom-
“ plishments, which confer Honour and
“ Distinction among the Children of
“ Folly.”

F I N I S



